DECEMBER 16, 1981 • $1.50

How the World Learned to Love Bombing

Tacky Richard Allen • Britain's Middle Way • George Kennan's Conversion

THE NEW REPUBLIC

The Return of John Reed

Warren Beatty as lover and revolutionary

Stanley Kauffmann on 'Reds'
Robert Kaiser on 'Ten Days'

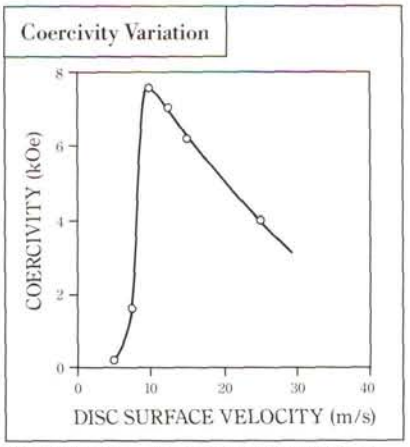
FOR REFERENCE
ST. GREGORY'S COLLEGE LIBRARY
NOT TO BE TAKEN FROM THIS ROOM

AMR*EE 19OW*MI2 46 NP DEC83
MR EUGENE MARSHALL
ST. GREGORYS COLLEGE
1900 W. MACARTHUR
SHAWNEE OK 74801

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The Critical Interval

There has long been a need in the industrial world for low-cost, high-performance permanent magnets. Recent discoveries at the General Motors Research Laboratories show promise of meeting this challenge by the application of new preparation techniques to new materials.



Coercivity of $Pr_{0.4}Fe_{0.6}$ plotted as a function of disc surface velocity.

Color-enhanced transmission electron micrograph of melt-spun $Nd_{0.4}Fe_{0.6}$ having 7.5 kOe coercivity.

TWO properties characterize desirable permanent magnets: large coercivity (magnetic hardness or resistance to demagnetization) and high remanence (magnetic strength). Higher-performance magnets are required to reduce further the size and weight of a wide variety of electrical devices, including d.c. motors. Such magnets are available, but the cost of the materials necessary to produce them severely limits their use. The research challenge is to select, synthesize, and magnetically harden economically attractive materials of comparable quality.

Prominent among alternative materials candidates are alloys composed of iron and the abundant light rare earths (lanthanum, cerium, praseodymium, neodymium). Investigations conducted by Drs. John Croat and Jan Herbst at the General Motors Research Laboratories have led to the discovery of a method for magnetically hardening these alloys. By means of a rapid-quench technique, the researchers have achieved coercivities in Pr-Fe and Nd-Fe that are the largest ever reported for any rare earth-iron material.

Drs. Croat and Herbst selected praseodymium-iron and neodymium-iron based upon fundamental considerations which indicate that these alloys would exhibit properties conducive to permanent magnet development. These properties include ferromagnetic alignment of the rare earth and iron magnetic moments, which would foster high remanence, and significant magnetic anisotropy, a crucial prerequisite for large coercivity.

That these materials do not form suitable crystalline compounds, an essential requirement for magnetic hardening by traditional methods, presents a major obstacle. Drs. Croat and Herbst hypothesized that a metastable phase having the necessary properties could be formed by cooling a molten alloy at a sufficiently

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

rapid rate. They tested this idea by means of the melt-spinning technique, in which a molten alloy is directed onto a cold, rotating disc. The cooling rate, which can be varied by changing the surface velocity of the disc, can easily approach 100,000°C per second. The alloy emerges in the form of a ribbon.

THE researchers found that variations of the cooling rate can dramatically affect the magnetic properties of the solidified alloys. In particular, appreciable coercivity is achieved within a narrow interval of quench rate.

Equally remarkable, synthesis and magnetic hardening, two steps in conventional processing, can be achieved simultaneously.

"X-ray analysis and electron microscopy of the high coercivity alloys reveal an unexpected mixed microstructure," states Dr. Croat. "We observe elongated amorphous regions interspersed with a crystalline rare earth-iron compound."

Understanding the relationship between the coercivity and the microstructure is essential. The two scientists are now studying the extent to which the coercivity is controlled by the shape and composition of the amorphous and crystalline structures.

"The development of significant coercivity is an important and encouraging step," says Dr. Herbst, "but practical application of these materials requires improvement of the remanence. Greater knowledge of the physics governing both properties is the key to meeting the commercial need for permanent magnets."

THE MEN BEHIND THE WORK

Drs. Croat and Herbst are Staff Research Scientists in the Physics Department at the General Motors Research Laboratories.

Dr. Croat (right) received his Ph.D. in metallurgy from Iowa State University. His research interests include the magnetic, magneto-elastic and catalytic properties of pure rare earth metals and their alloys and compounds.

Dr. Herbst (left) received his Ph.D. in physics from Cornell University. In addition to the magnetism of rare earth materials, his research interests include the theory of photo-emission and the physics of fluctuating valence compounds.

Dr. Croat joined General Motors in 1972; Dr. Herbst, in 1977.

GM General Motors
The future of transportation is here

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

TRB

FROM WASHINGTON

Pearl Harbor Plus 40

Forty years ago the telephone rang. It was Sunday, December 7. "The radio says the Japs have bombed Pearl Harbor," my friend said. I went at once to the White House. I didn't know it then, but America had lost its innocence.

In any crisis a crowd gathers before the White House. The word had only come at 3:30 p.m. and it was 4 o'clock now, but the crowd was already there—silent, watching. A motion-picture camera was up. The traffic moved slowly down Pennsylvania Avenue, along with a few Sunday streetcars and the people inside were looking out, too. People stood on the stone steps of the rococo old State Department building and on the green bronze Revolutionary War cannon, and stared at the White House. It seemed as though they expected it to move.

The big press room of the Executive Wing churned with movement, lights, noise. Steve Early had held four press conferences already and was sending out bulletins. Every time someone used a telephone it rattled all the radios sympathetically. An oldtimer came in, glanced around calmly, removed his coat, unbuttoned his collar, and settled down for the night. "There was nobody at the office, so I assigned myself to the White House," said a reporter simply. A youngster replied, "I've sent three flashes and four bulletins—I never sent a flash before in my life."

The year was 1941, the year of America's coming of age. Everyone knew we were going to get into the war, and nobody believed it. England fought alone. Winston Churchill worked on Downing Street. There was a bomb shelter handy nearby. Only five months earlier the mad Hitler had turned on his own ally and invaded Russia. Russia would probably collapse any day now. But America was protected from Europe's quarrels, we thought; or was it? Roosevelt got the first peacetime draft in history enacted and then had it extended—but only by a single vote—in the House of Representatives.

"If I have a conviction throughout my life," said the leonine isolationist William Borah, onetime chairman of the Senate Foreign Relations Committee, "it has been a conviction that we should stay out of European and Asiatic affairs." There would be no European war, he said flatly. When it came, he called it a "phony" war. People in those days were reluctant to give up beliefs. A few years earlier Commerce Secretary Herbert Hoover had heralded in the great new invention—radio: "It is inconceivable that we should allow so great a possibility for service to be drowned in advertising matter!" he said. When he called his first annual radio conference, the delegates recommended that "direct advertising be absolutely prohibited." It was very hard for him to change his ideas about the new art.

So now Japan had suddenly attacked Pearl Harbor—or had it? Some speculated that a dissident group in the Japanese Navy had gone berserk and attacked by itself without orders. We could believe anything that night. There was a report that one of our warships was sunk. Tragic if true. Photographers climbed in and under desks with hand cameras and assistants with glaring lamps. Steve Early's secretary came into the room. Instantly a hush fell. "It's short," she said: "The Navy has just advised the President that Guam has been attacked."

The police moved the crowd out of Executive Avenue back to Pennsylvania Avenue. They were bunched before the iron rails of the White House, moving aimlessly. It was a crisp Washington night, clear sky, about freezing.

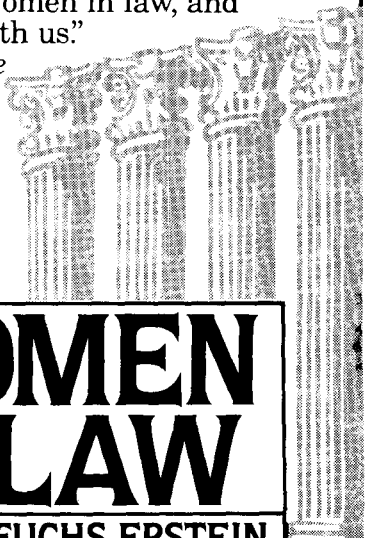
At 8:30 p.m. we were outdoors too, on the portico of the White House under the eight great white columns everybody knows. We stood stamping and threshing while a moon rose mistily over to the left, and the silent Cabinet trooped in. They came out again a long

continued on page 39

BETTY FRIEDAN: "An insightful and provocative study."

Here is the whole story of women lawyers: from the humiliating "Ladies' Day" at Ivy League law schools to the challenges facing today's women lawyers on Wall Street. "Cynthia Fuchs Epstein tells the story of how much has changed in the last ten years for women in the legal profession, and she reminds us of the difficulties that remain. Her book will be important to women in law, and those who live and work with us."
—Barbara Underwood, Yale University Law School

"Practically everything one wants to know about the public and private lives of women at work in law." *—Robert Merton, Columbia University*



WOMEN IN LAW

CYNTHIA FUCHS EPSTEIN

$18.50 at bookstores

BASIC BOOKS, INC. 10 East 53rd Street, New York, NY 10022

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

THE NEW REPUBLIC

FOUNDED 1914 — *A Weekly Journal of Opinion* — ISSUE 3,492

WASHINGTON, D.C. — December 16, 1981

Editor-in-Chief and President
MARTIN PERETZ

Editor
HENDRIK HERTZBERG
Literary Editor
JACK BEATTY
Executive Editor
MORTON M. KONDRACKE
Associate Editor
CHARLES KRAUTHAMMER
Managing Editor
DOROTHY WICKENDEN
Films STANLEY KAUFFMANN
Theater ROBERT BRUSTEIN
Poetry Editor
ROBERT PINSKY
New Republic Books Editor
(Holt, Rinehart & Winston)
MARC GRANETZ
Associate Literary Editor
ANN HULBERT
Production Manager
JENNIFER SOUR
Staff Writers
TIMOTHY NOAH, MICHAEL A. LERNER
Assistant to the Editors
JOAN SHAFFER
Contributing Editors
ROBERT COLES,
JOSEPH FEATHERSTONE, PAUL FUSSELL,
JOHN KEEGAN, MICHAEL KINSLEY, NATHAN LEWIN,
MARK CRISPIN MILLER, JOYCE CAROL OATES,
PAUL ROBINSON, RONALD STEEL,
ANNE TYLER, NICHOLAS VON HOFFMAN,
MICHAEL WALZER, LEON WIESELTIER
Interns
ELISA ISAACSON, JOHN LIEBER

Publisher
JAMES K. GLASSMAN
Controller
J. KRISTINE KLASMAN
Circulation Manager
REED PHILLIPS
Advertising Manager
JOAN M. STAPLETON
Circulation Associate
WINTER THOMASON
Assistant to the Publisher
CAROLYN WINSTON
Accounting Assistant
LIVIA ARNAIZ
Classified Advertising Manager
THERESA MILLER
Leadership Network Advertising
ROBERT F. SENNOTT JR.
Staff Associate
DAVID SEIDEMAN
Back Issues and Reception
TRACY SWANSON
Consultant
ROBERT A. COHEN

Phototypeset by 19th St Graphix,
Washington, DC. (202) 833-2250

Production Supervisor
KATHY SULLIVAN
Typesetting
MARLENE DAVIS, JOHN O'NEILL, LILA WARD
Graphics
KENNY GRADY, GEORGE KIBLER, JULIE HUMKE

4 **TRB FROM WASHINGTON** ... PEARL HARBOR PLUS 40
The day of infamy was crisp and clear.

6 **CORRESPONDENCE** ..... From Barney Frank, Jude Wanniski, and others.

7 **THE EDITORS** ..... THE PIED PIPELINE
Bullying the allies, but craven to capital.
FEZ FIASCO
The Fahd plan took some myths down with it.
GOOD CHOICE AT N.E.H.
William Bennett, an admirable nominee.

9 **MORTON KONDRACKE** ..... WHITE HOUSE WATCH: LITTLE BIG MAN
The real trouble with Richard Allen.

12 **DOROTHY RABINOWITZ**..... THE CASE OF ABU EAIN
Bringing 'one person's terrorist' to justice.

14 **JOHN HERLING**..... KIRKLAND'S DEBUT
Labor's new top man has come out swinging.

17 **PAUL SEABURY** ..... GEORGE KENNAN VS. MR. 'X'
'With a sigh and a sinking of the heart,'
the father of containment denies paternity.

20 **MICHAEL SHERRY**..... THE SLIDE TO TOTAL AIR WAR
How the bombing of cities—once as remote
and unthinkable as nuclear war is today—
gradually became standard procedure.

26 **STANLEY KAUFFMANN** ..... ON FILMS: WARREN BEATTY'S TRIUMPH
In a powerful film biography of John Reed,
Beatty finds himself as actor and director.

28 **ROBERT G. KAISER**..... 'TEN DAYS' RECONSIDERED
A look at the book that shook the nook.

29 **CHARLES MICHENER** ..... ON PHOTOGRAPHY: HOLIDAY ROUNDUP
Photophilosophy, erotomania, and more.

33 **GEORGE M. FREDRICKSON** ... TWO STEPS FORWARD, ONE STEP BACK
There is a River: The Black Struggle for Freedom in America by Vincent Harding
Long Memory: The Black Experience in America
by Mary F. Berry and John W. Blassingame

36 **GODFREY HODGSON** ..... THE PARTY OF THE NICEST PEOPLE
Face the Future by David Owen
Politics is for People by Shirley Williams

38 **PAUL BRESLIN** ..... POEM *In Order To Be Happy, I Get Depressed*

39 **JEFFREY MEYERS**..... BRIEF REVIEW
Selected Letters of Raymond Chandler
edited by Frank MacShane

42 **WASHINGTON DIARIST**..... FAILURE
One-term politicos on campus.

COVER Tinted photograph by Dan Weaks from 'Reds.' Article on page 26.

THE NEW REPUBLIC, Volume 185, Number 24, Issue 3,492, December 16, 1981. Published weekly (except the weeks of January 3, July 11, August 8, and August 29) at 1220 19th Street, NW, Washington, DC 20036. Telephone (202) 331-7494. Advertising: (202) 331-9787. Leadership Network advertising: (212) 682-4500. Single copy, $1.50; yearly subscriptions, $32; foreign, $39; students, $18. © 1981 by The New Republic, Inc. (ISSN 0028-6583). Second-class postage paid at Washington, DC, and additional mailing offices. Indexed in Readers' Guide and Media Review Digest. Available on microfilm from University Microfilms International, 300 N. Zeeb Road, Ann Arbor, Michigan 48106. Member of the Audit Bureau of Circulation. Unsolicited manuscripts are welcome, but cannot be returned unless accompanied by a stamped, self-addressed envelope. **Subscribers**: Please send all remittances, changes of address, and inquiries about subscriptions and undelivered copies to **Subscription Service Department, THE NEW REPUBLIC, P.O. Box 955, Farmingdale, NY 11737.**

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

CORRESPONDENCE

SMOKE AND STUFF

To the editors:

If the *Guiness Book of Records* had a category for a quotation taken furthest out of context, Robert Kaus would be a strong contender for his reference to me in his review of Paul Tsongas's new book, *The Road From Here* (TNR, November 25). Early this summer, Joe Klein interviewed me for an article in *Rolling Stone*, during the course of which I criticized what seemed to me a lack of specifics in the various adumbrations I had seen of the New Liberalism. I told him that the New Liberalism seemed to me up to that time to be "just smoke and vapors." This interview took place long before I had ever seen Senator Tsongas's book, or indeed any part thereof. I was therefore somewhat unpleasantly surprised to see Kaus use this quote as if it were a reference to Senator Tsongas's book. In fact, Senator Tsongas's book is a very serious effort to provide precisely the sort of programmatic content whose absence I was lamenting.

Moreover, Kaus not only left the wholly inaccurate impression that my comment referred to Senator Tsongas's book, he managed to garble the quote a bit as well. I referred in my conversation with Klein to "smoke and vapors," by which I meant a lack of programmatic substance. In Kaus's version, this becomes "smoke and mirrors," which suggests an effort at intellectual sleight of hand (or mind, I suppose). I think the distinction between excessive vagueness and insufficient forthrightness ought to be maintained, even though I had no intention of applying either of these characterizations to a book with which I was then wholly unfamiliar.

Barney Frank
U.S. House of Representatives
Washington, DC

SUPPLY-SIDE AGENDA

To the editors:

Robert Reich's article, "Beyond Reaganomics" (TNR, November 18), is totally misguided. It confuses supply-side theory with the old-time religion of conservative Keynesians and monetarists who indeed focus on the manipulation of aggregate demand. I don't know how Mr. Reich got the idea that supply-siders worry "that inadequate savings will discourage capital formation and productivity," and the prescription is "reduce taxes, spending, and the formation of money." That is entirely the agenda of the Old Guard, i.e., George Schultz, Alan Greenspan, William Simon, Milton Friedman, etc.—all "demand-siders."

Supply-siders do not concern themselves with "savings" and "consumption." We assume individuals can decide themselves what to do with their production, and the only help they need from the government is a dollar that holds its value over time, thus encouraging production for the purpose of future consumption (savings) as well as present consumption. We have no interest in cutting taxes, but rather believe that in current circumstances taxes can be raised with lower rates. We don't believe in lower spending, except where economies can be had by the elimination of waste and fraud. Indeed, we believe correct supply-side monetary and fiscal policies would yield greater national output, with an increased share going to the public sector for public goods and services. We don't prescribe a reduced money supply, but believe a sounder dollar would encourage the use of that dollar and both the demand for, and supply of, dollars in the world would increase.

In short, I would join Mr. Reich in his perceptive criticisms of the old-time religion and its "obsession with economic aggregates." But I suggest he leave us out of his line of fire or formulate his attack against the ideas we do represent.

Jude Wanniski, president
Polyconomics, Inc.
Morristown, New Jersey

To the editors:

Three cheers for Robert Reich for the most intelligent article I've read on our economic and political plight and proposals for a way out. Having tried twice to study the "dismal science" as taught in college, and getting lost when "micro" shifted to "macro," I always felt that the problem was in the separation of economics from social realities and vision. Now Mr. Reich has reassured me that the fault lies not so much in the student as in the autonomous subject. Unfortunately, our leaders were educated in these same schools. I trust they will now carry about a copy of this fine article and read it until they get it right.

Cheers to TNR also for consistently providing substance where other magazines offer only muddled chatter.

David R. Hartman
Port Townsend, Washington

WHAT BUILDINGS MEAN

To the editors:

I must compliment William Hubbard on his clear, thoughtful, and articulate analysis of architecture and its role in society in his review of *The Meaning of Buildings* (TNR, November 18). I am thrilled that finally clear analyses are appearing in print to both criticize and explain what we all see rising in every American city and beside the roadways throughout the country. The public should be more demanding of these institutional edifices which will be around for generations to come (barring nuclear holocaust). Architects need to be brought into the mainstream and respond to the public "conventions" instead of imposing their elitist, esoteric monopoly on what we have to visually and culturally coexist with. Those of us who pay the costs of either public or private construction projects must demand a greater say in the end product or we deserve what we have been getting put up right before our eyes.

Theodore W. Pietras Jr.
Boston, Massachusetts

SOVIET STRATEGIES

To the editors:

Ronald Steel and Leon Wieseltier ("A Neutral Europe," TNR, November 11) highlight a strategy that the Soviets have repeatedly employed with great skill. The method is to select a controversial issue, in this case nuclear weapons deployment, and begin a process of supporting and infiltrating the ranks of those who seemingly hold the ethical high ground. By so doing, the Soviets tap the energy born of a just cause, and position themselves to ultimately direct the movement to their own ends.

The strategy is not novel. Unfortunately, the United States often reacts in ways that are antithetical to its stated ideals, effectively playing into the hands of the Soviets. Its credibility is strained internally and among allies; the positions of its adversaries are enhanced.

Greg Surabian
Boise, Idaho

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

THE NEW REPUBLIC
DECEMBER 16, 1981

THE PIED PIPELINE

"Concentrated power has always been the enemy of liberty." That was Ronald Reagan talking about big business in 1978. In those days he was against "bigness unjustified by any claim to efficiency, bigness for the sake of exercising monopoly power, bigness to extract special privilege from government, bigness working to destroy competitive free enterprise." And he was for "encouraging a widespread distribution of capital and property ownership and discouraging the concentration of economic and political power in the hands of big business, big labor, and big government alike." It is remarkable what becoming a Republican President can do to a right-wing populist.

When Ronald Reagan ran for the presidency, it was John Connally and, later, George Bush who were favored with the votes and contributions of the boardroom set. By contrast, Mr. Reagan appealed (in his acceptance speech at the Republican National Convention) to the memory of FDR and (in his inaugural address) to the heroes behind the lunch counter. But, as David Stockman would have said in his pre-woodshed days, all that populist rhetoric has turned out to be a Trojan horse for more classical Republican policies.

The across-the-board tax cut was not only, as Mr. Stockman admitted, a camouflage for old-style geyser-up trickle-down redistribution to the upper classes; it was bought politically at the price of outright give-aways to business interests, like oil tax exemptions, that few lunch-counter heroes will ever cash in on. The rush of greed is such that the headline of an ad in one recent *Wall Street Journal* read: "If your company still plans to pay taxes in 1981, you obviously don't know about the new tax law." And the bigs, who know a window of opportunity when they see one, are now racing around gobbling up smaller companies in a frenzy of corporate mergers.

How does a man who comes in as the counterman's candidate end up lunching at Lutèce with the boss? To some extent, Mr. Reagan's pro-business actions follow from his deregulatory ideology. His effort to get government "off the backs of the American people" and to weaken the grip of organized labor (as demonstrated by his breaking of the air traffic controllers union) has required him to fall back into an alliance with the only other major political heavyweight: big business. But there is more at work here than the playing out of natural political alliances. Mr. Reagan, for all his aw-shucks demeanor, knows how to win friends—like the Teamsters, for whom he is trying to stop the deregulation of the trucking industry. And although it might be said that his near abolition of corporate taxes squares with his supply-side theology, his most important foreign policy actions have shown how far he has strayed from his roots.

In lifting the grain embargo against the Soviet Union, Mr. Reagan bowed to the pressure of the farmers and the big grain dealers. The AWACS sale to Saudi Arabia was another sweetheart deal for a host of military contractors and Saudi trade clients. The recently signed agreement between the Soviet Union and West Germany on a natural gas pipeline is the latest example, with the Administration professing one thing and doing another. The Administration has done a lot of jawboning to prevent the West Europeans from building a pipeline from Siberia through West Germany that would link their energy future to the Soviets. The pipeline would double the Soviet share of Europe's gas supply. The State Department was alarmed enough to send one of its most able officials, Under Secretary of State Meyer Rashish, to European capitals in the hope of talking them out of it. Mr. Rashish failed, through no fault of his own. President Brezhnev and Chancellor Schmidt signed the agree-

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

ment during Mr. Brezhnev's visit to Germany last month. Administration lobbying against the pipeline has been so loud that one hardly hears that American companies will be instrumental in building the pipeline and that the Administration is doing little to prevent it. Last summer, when the U.S. was arguing publicly against the project, the Commerce Department quietly issued export licenses to Caterpillar Tractor Company for pipe-laying equipment that the Russians need to build the line. (The license specified that the pipelayers were not to be used on the gas pipeline, a cosmetic provision that a Commerce official conceded was unenforceable.) The Soviets have already bought turbines made under license from General Electric Company. And the *New York Times* reports that "under pressure from business, the Commerce Department is making progress simplifying its licensing procedures on exports to the Soviet Union."

The United States is also the only country with the proven technology to build an enormous pipeline through frozen tundra. By refusing to export the required equipment, the United States may not be able to stop the pipeline, but it certainly could make it difficult to build. In doing so, it would also show that this Administration will act to defend what it perceives as an important Western interest, even if that prevents some businesses from making lucrative profits.

The act extending controls over U.S. technology exports to the Soviets expires at the end of the year. Within the next several weeks the President will have to decide whether the United States will help—and possibly enable—the trans-Siberian pipeline to be built. It is easy to try to browbeat the Europeans into resisting the lure of Soviet contracts. A better test of this Administration is whether it can say no to those domestic interests that can't resist that lure.

Fez Fiasco

The collapse of the Arab summit meeting in Fez, Morocco, did more than bury the Fahd peace plan. It buried a couple of cherished myths about Arabs, "radical" and "moderate." The first myth is that Arab radicals no longer insist on the destruction of Israel. The Fahd plan was a pretty good test of this proposition. In a *diktat* so high-handed that it would have embarrassed the men who wrote the Versailles Treaty, the plan would impose, without negotiation, a Palestinian state with Jerusalem as its capital and the right of return of all Palestinians to what is now Israel. What outraged Libya, Algeria, South Yemen, Iraq, Syria, and the PLO (and outraged them enough to sabotage the Arab summit conference and humiliate Saudi Arabia) was that the plan remained ambiguous as to the ultimate fate of what would be left of Israel. Point Seven of the plan speaks of "the right of states to live in peace"—not "all states," just "states." And not necessarily Israel: when Saudi Foreign Minister Saud was asked if Point Seven was meant to include Israel, he said, "the relevant factor here is the State of Palestine." (And when the Saudi Ambassador to the U.N. said that Point Seven implicitly was meant to apply to Israel, he was sternly rebuked by his government). No matter. The perception was abroad, fed by oil-hungry Europeans and a wishful President of the United States, that Point Seven might be read as implicit recognition of Israel's right to exist. That was too much for the radicals. A peace plan which does not explicitly call for the liquidation of Israel is more than a betrayal, as Libya's Qaddafi put it. For the PLO, the Syrians, and their radical brothers, it is a contradiction in terms. Almost exactly 34 years ago, the U.N. decided to partition Palestine into a Jewish and an Arab state. Today a plan, which on only the most optimistic of readings might be interpreted by some as finally accepting this long-ago idea, was not able to survive six hours at the Arab League.

The other myth has to do with the Arab moderates. It is a favorite of the American right, which tends to view as hopelessly naive those who cling to myth number one. Myth number two is that Saudi Arabia is a Middle Eastern power. This is a notion current in Western capitals and trumpeted loudly by the Reagan Administration. It argues that what the Saudis want the Saudis get because they are a strategic ally to counter the Soviets and to broker a peace settlement. Well, the Saudis say that they consider Israel, not Moscow, to be their real enemy; besides, they want neither the U.S. nor the Soviet Union nosing around their part of the world. Saudi Arabia recently rebuked Oman for participating in Operation Bright Star, a joint U.S.-Egyptian-Sudanese-Omani exercise, the only real manifestation of a strategic alliance between Arab states and the U.S. The Administration also argued that the Saudis would use their vast power and influence to help bring the parties together in a Middle East settlement. That theory too had a good test at Fez last week. The Saudis arrived riding high. They had just been endowed by the U.S. with a 21st-century air force; they had condescended to receive the usual queue of Western European leaders, giving obeisance on their annual petrol pilgrimages to Riyadh; they had demonstrated their influence with the U.S. Senate in their stunning Awacs victory. It turned out that the Saudis were mousetrapped by their rave notices in Western capitals. At Fez they learned that although they can fool the West about their power they can't fool their Arab brothers. Syria and the PLO, who are financially dependent on Saudi handouts, left Fahd twisting slowly in the wind. The PLO executive committee, despite Arafat's usual contradictory and vague

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

mutterings, voted to oppose the Fahd plan. Syria's President Hafez Assad further humiliated Fahd by boycotting the summit on which his plan and personal prestige were riding. The debate among those who did attend was short and acrimonious. After only a few hours, King Hassan II of Morocco dissolved the meeting. Fahd retreated to seclusion at his guest house in Fez. The man who makes Caspar Weinberger and Lord Carrington quake in their shoes had reason to be embarrassed. Syria's Assad had shown the Crown Prince to have no clothes. Damascus has long viewed the Saudis as desert Arabs, weak Bedouin pretenders who forgot their place once they stumbled on oil. They know that the Saudis have no real army, no coherent society, no history (particularly when compared to Syria's), and, even more important, no power—only money. And in the Middle East, money is cheap. Even the four billion dollars the Saudis dangled in front of Assad to get him to attend the Fez conference—surely the most expensive vacation offer in history—proved insufficient. In the Middle East, nations don't sell what they perceive as their national interest or their honor for money. That is a specialty of the West.

Good Choice At NEH

There are times when even editorialists ought to keep their views to themselves. We thought one such time was while the President's men were trying to decide whom to designate as chairman of the National Endowment for the Humanities. From among those mentioned, we had a favorite. He was also the choice of that tiny cohort of genuine intellectuals whose ideas, for the moment, are "in" in Washington; he was not their choice simply because their ideas are his (which they aren't, quite), but because he is a man with ideas and open to them. The favorite of those presidential insiders who have no idea what a real idea is, however, was Professor M. E. Bradford from Texas whose distinctive idea was that Lincoln erred when he emancipated the slaves because, in so doing, he took property without due process. George Will has called Bradford part of the "Confederate remnant in the Conservative movement." We didn't want to say anything that might aid this slavery sentimentalist, and we were afraid that that is exactly what would happen were we to say a word for his competitor. Now that the competitor, William Bennett, has been chosen, we can come out of the closet and say we're glad. The nominee is a Democrat—a Democrat for Reagan, but that is the President's prerogative. Dr. Bennett is an independent and respected young scholar trained in philosophy and in law. He has run the National Humanities Center in North Carolina imaginatively and fairly. He does not think of the humanities as a vehicle for dogma. Perhaps this last is why Senator John East supported the other choice, a Republican for George Wallace who disliked Abe Lincoln because of what he did for racial equality, and opposed Dr. Bennett, who has made a mark for the seriousness of his concern about how society achieves racial equality. Since Senator East is from Mr. Bennett's home state, his opposition loomed large in the arcana of executive-legislative relations. So the President has chosen boldly as well as correctly. Those who do not want the permanent values of the humanities to be inordinately subjected to the caprice of ideological fashion should support Mr. Reagan's very good choice, which was made in the face of pressure to do worse, much worse.

White House Watch

Little Big Man

WHAT'S STRIKING about the Richard Allen affair is the pettiness of it all. It seems ludicrous that a President's national security adviser could be under threat of losing his job because of $1,000 that he plainly forgot was in his safe, two wristwatches he got from a friend, a couple of lunches he hosted in the White House mess, and some minor mistakes in his financial disclosure statement. And yet Richard Allen is in danger of losing his job. Two of the White House "big three" want him to resign, and the third, Edwin Meese III, Allen's boss and strongest defender, says that a clean bill of health from the Justice Department will not guarantee Allen's return. Why?

I think what's happening is that Richard Allen simply has been more trouble than he is worth. Presidents will go to great lengths—and sometimes suffer greatly—to stand by aides they value either personally or professionally, as witness Dwight Eisenhower with Sherman Adams and Jimmy Carter with Bert Lance. Ronald Reagan has kept David Stockman on, even though the budget director has held his economic program up to public ridicule. Why? Because Reagan thinks Stockman is a shrewd strategist whose services he needs to prepare and push through his 1983 budget.

Richard Allen, on the other hand, is eminently dispensable. He is a likable fellow, but intellectually he is too small for the job he holds. His errors may be petty, but so is his demeanor. Recently, as a group of columnists was arriving at the White House for lunch with another senior foreign policy official, an Allen rival, Allen had positioned himself to greet the journalists from behind a window of the prestigious office at the

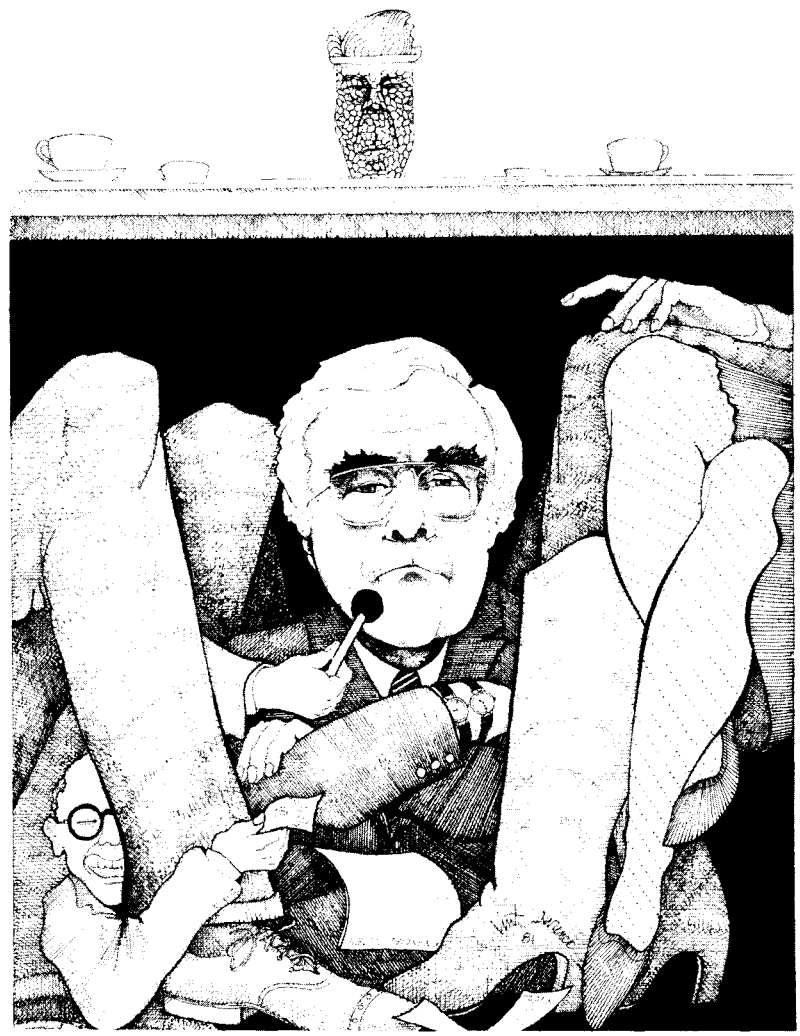
LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

northwest corner of the West Wing—the office formerly occupied by national security advisers, but taken over in this Administration by Edwin Meese. Allen grandly opened and closed his suit coat. The columnists couldn't figure out whether Allen was imitating the fictitious incident in which one former occupant of the office, Zbigniew Brzezinski, supposedly "flashed" a female reporter, or if he was merely trying to one-up his rival by pretending that he was back in Henry Kissinger's old office. The journalists did agree, though, that Allen looked silly.

Much of Allen's career consists of overreaching. Once before, he attached himself to a promising Republican candidate—Richard Nixon, in 1968—and hoped to become White House national security adviser. He lost out to Kissinger, tried to become number two man on the NSC staff and lost out there, too—to Alexander Haig. Allen betrays a deep contempt for Kissinger, but Kissinger has shown the same toward Allen, once calling him (according to the *Economist* of London), "almost a third-rate intellect."

When Allen left the White House in October 1969, the *Washington Post* disclosed that Allen's secretary repeatedly referred to him as "Dr. Allen" and that the White House press release announcing his original appointment had identified him as having received a PhD from the University of Munich, when in fact his dissertation had not been accepted. Yet, 11 years later, during the 1980 presidential campaign, his secretaries still were answering the phone with a "Dr. Allen's office."

If Allen showed "bad judgment" (as he said on "Meet the Press" last week) by not immediately turning in the $1,000 he got from a Japanese magazine, it wasn't the first time. After leaving the Nixon White House, he worked for such shady characters as Robert Vesco and John King, a Denver energy magnate later sentenced to jail in the Investors Overseas Services scandal, and for the Caetano dictatorship in Portugal. Allen also was accused of having tried to extract a one million-dollar contribution from the Grumman Corporation for Nixon's 1972 campaign. Richard Allen never has been indicted, convicted, or even formally implicated in any wrongdoing. But a true foreign policy heavyweight—the kind of person one expects in the White House national security job—does not have to skate so close to trouble to make a living.



DRAWING OF RICHARD ALLEN BY VINT LAWRENCE FOR THE NEW REPUBLIC

One final example. As Jonathan Kwitny reported in the *Wall Street Journal* and in this magazine last year, Allen in 1970 used his position on the President's Commission on International Trade to impress Japanese clients. He wrote letters to his friend, Tamotsu Takase, implying that he was passing on highly confidential government information to help Japanese auto companies, although the commission actually was a purely advisory body which did not set policy. Again, Allen did nothing illegal or even terribly immoral. He merely behaved as a small man trying to look big. Part of Allen's trouble now is that this same Takase apparently has reported receiving new inside information from Allen in the Reagan White House. I believe Allen's denials, but he is to blame for getting this whole thing started with Takase in the first place.

Everything seems to be happening again. After Kwitny's first piece in the *Wall Street Journal* last fall, Allen took a leave of absence from the Reagan campaign. Now he has had to take another leave. Reagan's top aides gave just a quick once-over to the questions about Allen last year. Now, the Justice Department and the White House counsel's office are going into them in depth, to the acute embarrassment of everyone involved. I think it's very likely that Allen will be cleared again, but that does not mean that he will

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

LOVE *Vs.* HATE

"Outstanding Achievement for Public Service"

— Columbia University School of Journalism National Magazine Award

Publisher of "lies, half-truths and distortions"

— A top Ford Motor executive, after our award-winning story that forced the recall of two million Pintos

MOTHER JONES
How AT&T's Workers Are Drugged, Bugged And Coming Unplugged
MOTHER JONES
How President Reagan Will Change Your Life
Exxon Vs. The Sun
Jamaica's Hot Politics
MOTHER JONES
RADIOACTIVE WASTE: FROM HERE TO ETERNITY

A "rallying cry... above the mellowspeak"

— *Time* magazine

"A libelous reckless attack...by innuendo, lies and character assassination"

—A top official of the Laborers International Union, recently indicted for racketeering

"Inviting graphics, wry humor and colorful writing"

— *Los Angeles Times*

"Sleazy"

— a senior Reagan appointee to the CIA

ISSUE *Free*

Find out why some love us while others hate us. Then decide for yourself. It costs nothing to try **MOTHER JONES**. Just return this coupon today and we'll send you your first issue **free.**

Send me a free copy of **MOTHER JONES.** If I like the magazine I will pay you $12 (a 33% savings off the regular price) for a full year — nine more issues. If I decide not to subscribe for any reason, I'll just mark 'cancel' on the bill and that's it—no further obligation.

Name _____

Address _____

City _____ State _____ Zip _____

Add $3 per year Canada; $4 per year foreign

DMRLPF

MOTHER JONES • 1886 Haymarket Square, Marion, OH 43305

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

be—or should be—given back the national security job. As Nixon decided 12 years ago, that job needs a bigger man than Allen. Instead of finding one, Ronald Reagan (actually, Edwin Meese) decided to cut the job down to Allen's size, depriving it of the presidential access and the coordinating powers it had under Kissinger and Brzezinski, and also under McGeorge Bundy, President Kennedy's adviser, and Brent Scowcroft, President Ford's.

The White House now has an opportunity to correct last January's error by expanding the authority of the post and finding a new occupant. Apparently White House chief of staff James Baker III wants to do that, but Meese as yet does not. Various names are being floated, including Scowcroft, U.N. Ambassador Jeane Kirkpatrick, David Abshire of Georgetown University, White House aide Richard Darman, and Deputy Secretary of State William P. Clark. Clark, a close friend of Reagan and Meese, might be able to take the job without a formal change in its authority, but the others probably would refuse, believing that the President is not well served by an Allen-sized adviser.

And what of Allen? Assuming he is cleared of all wrongdoing, he might be given a post in the Administration—possibly the ambassadorship to a small country—that would both reward his loyal service and be commensurate with his talents.

MORTON KONDRACKE

Testing Haig's resolve against terrorists.

THE CASE OF ABU EAIN

WITHIN THE NEXT few weeks Alexander Haig must make a decision that will have far-reaching implications for American policy on terrorism. He will pass final judgment on whether a 22-year-old former West Bank resident and PLO member, Ziad Abu Eain, should be extradited to Israel, as the U.S. courts have repeatedly affirmed. It is a decision he will have to make in the face of a huge pressure campaign, by the highest level Arab representatives in the U.S., to persuade the State Department not to banish Eain.

There is no dispute about the basic facts of the case. On May 14, 1979, a terrorist's bomb exploded in the crowded marketplace of Tiberias, where young Israelis were gathering to celebrate the 31st anniversary of the founding of the State of Israel. Two young boys were killed, and 30 or more people maimed and injured. Shortly thereafter, Abu Eain fled from Ramallah, his West Bank home, to Jordan, and from there to Chicago, where his sister lived. Acting on information from the Israelis, FBI agents visited Eain in Chicago. He lied about his identity, passing himself off with the name "Kamal Yusuf." Returning to arrest Eain, after they learned that the finger prints of "Yusuf" matched those of Eain, the agents discovered that he had fled. But Eain's brother-in-law soon revealed his whereabouts, and the FBI took Eain into custody. On their first visit, one of the agents had mistakenly believed it was Jordan which sought to extradite Eain; this time Eain told the agents, "It's the Israelis, not the Jordanians that want me."

THE ISRAELIS did want Eain. They charged he had set the bomb in the market. Their evidence was the testimony provided by another member of Al Fatah, Jamil Yasin, who had prepared the explosive charge and had accompanied Eain on a trip to Tiberias to find a place to leave it. The Israelis also had the sworn testimony of Yasin's cousin, Mufida Jaber, who acknowledged that she carried a letter from Yasin to Abu Eain, warning him that some of their collaborators had been arrested and that the Israeli authorities might be on his trail. Eain promptly left for the U.S.

With Eain in custody, U.S. Attorney Thomas P. Sullivan began preparing the case for extradition. In doing so, he took an unprecedented step whose ramifications were to be felt far beyond the Eain case. Mindful that "politically motivated" acts are not included in the list of extraditable offenses in the U.S., and mindful, in particular, that an IRA terrorist called McMullen, who is wanted by the United Kingdom for bombing a barrack and killing a charwoman, had recently avoided extradition by arguing that his offense was of a "political character," Sullivan called on the State Department.

The State Department sent Louis Fields, legal adviser for State's Office of Combating Terrorism, as its witness at Eain's extradition hearings. He testified that Eain's offense was a common crime of murder committed against civilians, not a political act. Numerous witnesses appeared on Eain's behalf, including Alexandra Johnson, the former vice consul at the U.S. Consulate in Jerusalem, whose reports about torture in Israel were promptly discredited; and Terry Fleeney, who had served time in Israel for abetting terrorists. Johnson and Fleeney were there to provide testimony that the Israelis routinely tortured Palestinian prisoners. Presiding Magistrate Olga Jurco ruled their observations irrelevant to the case at hand. To contribute a historical perspective, the defense called on Elmer Berger, a rabbi associated with the moribund American Council for Judaism and renowned for his enmity to the very idea of a Jewish state. Berger instructed the court on the history of Zionism—i.e, that it is anti-American, anti-Jewish, anti-universal. Magistrate Jurco ruled, historical perspectives notwithstanding, that Eain be extradited on the grounds that the government had proved probable cause to sustain the charges

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

against him, and that his crime could not be considered a political act. This decision was upheld on March 28, 1980, by U.S. District Court Judge Frank McGarr.

The struggle to prevent the Israelis from bringing Eain to trial had become, and it continues to be, a *cause célèbre*. From the beginning, Eain's legal battle attracted a number of luminaries whose names rank high in the radical left pantheon: Noam Chomsky, Daniel Berrigan, Sidney Lens, David Dellinger. Others who rose to Eain's defense were Frances Fitzgerald, William Sloane Coffin Jr., and I.F. Stone. Did they really know the facts of his case? What had rendered the Eain case worthy of their attentions—its central and significant fact—was that Eain was a Palestinian. He was thus, they argued, a victim rather than the perpetrator of a crime: a victim of Zionism and of Zionist pressures. So, if I.F. Stone speaks for the accused killer, who speaks for the two dead boys? Eain's allies contended that it was torture by the Israelis that had extracted the testimony of Eain's Al Fatah comrade, Yasin. It remained for Ramsey Clark, who made the same claims about Israeli torture in arguing Eain's legal appeal, to voice the political premises underlying all the concerns with civil rights and lack of due process raised by Eain's defenders: "One person's terrorist," Clark told the court, "is another person's freedom fighter."

JUDGES of the U.S. Court of Appeals for the Seventh Circuit heard Ramsey Clark argue that at the time of the bombing Eain was far away in Ramallah, attending the birth of a relative's child. Clark said that 12 of Eain's relatives were prepared to bear witness to this statement, that those accomplices who had testified against Eain had recanted, and that in any case such testimony could only have been obtained under torture by the Israelis. Clark's argument echoed, if somewhat more delicately, the claims of Abu Eain's defense committee that the U.S. courts had been influenced by "Zionist pressures." "We love the Jewish people," Clark told the court. "This bomb went off on the eve of the celebration of Israel's independence. . . . We can't let our biases sway us." The bombing itself, in which explosives had been set in a marketplace crowded with children preparing for a celebration, was, the former U.S. Attorney General explained, "a relatively political act." In arguing the case for the government, U.S. Attorney Thomas P. Sullivan reminded the court that the bombing being described thus had resulted in the murder of two young boys.

On February 20, 1981, Judges Wilbur F. Pell Jr., Harlington Wood Jr., and Byron G. Skelton rendered their decision, affirming the lower court's order that Eain be extradited. Harlington Wood Jr. wrote in the opinion that the strong evidence established by the government proved probable cause to believe the defendant had committed the crime for which the Israelis wished to try him. Not only had Eain's accomplice testified to Eain's role in the bombing, but he had incriminated himself as well. And there was Eain's behavior to corroborate the accomplice's testimony: he had fled to Chicago, lied about his identity, fled again when the FBI sought him, and knew that it was the Israelis who wanted him and not, as the FBI agents at first mistakenly thought, the Jordanians.

The most significant aspect of what is sure to be a landmark opinion lies in its assessment of the political offense argument raised by Eain's lawyers to prevent extradition. Judge Wood agreed that the PLO sought the destruction of a civilian populace and that its terrorist activities could be considered a violent political disturbance. The opinion continued:

> If, however, considering the nature of the crime charged, that were all that was necessary in order to prevent extradition under the political offense exception, nothing would prevent an influx of terrorists seeking a safe haven in America. Those terrorists who flee to this country would avoid having to answer to anyone, anywhere, for their crimes. The law is not so utterly absurd. Terrorists who have committed barbarous acts elsewhere would be able to flee to the United States . . . and walk our streets forever free from any accountability for their acts.

Eain's defense exhausted nearly all legal recourses (the Supreme Court refused to hear the case), and the campaign on behalf of Eain has been stepped up considerably. Representatives of virtually every Arab country have expressed their opinions on the matter in Washington. In the United Nations, Jordan and other Arab countries lashed out at U.S. courts, accusing them of committing a travesty of justice and of depriving Eain of due process of law. The Jordanian Ambassador announced that the attempt to extradite Eain to stand trial in Israel was "an offense of the magnitude of the Holocaust."

THE STATE Department attorney said that in his 25 years of experience with the legal profession he had never seen more faithful application of due process than that which had been accorded Eain. "They viciously attack our judiciary and our system of justice; and I will sign an oath in blood that this man has been accorded every due process of law that there is to be accorded." Further, the attorney asserted, despite all the propaganda to the contrary, "there can be no doubt that the Israelis will give Eain a fair trial. Their system of justice is very much like our own." In fact, it is not unusual for Israeli courts to acquit Arabs accused of terrorist acts, precisely because Israel's judicial system—laws of evidence, attorney of defendant's own choosing, appeal to judges with habits of independence, etc.—is very much like ours.

In the Eain case the American judicial system for the first time has come to grips with the question of terrorism. It has explicitly recognized the danger of sanctioning terrorist activities masquerading as "political action" and the folly of mistaking terrorists for freedom

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

fighters. The opinion in the Eain case recognized that an act of violence directed at civilians amounted to a common crime of murder and thus acknowledged a distinction that the laws of war have made for some time. It is a great irony that so many influential members of the American left should now try further to erode that distinction so vital to civil society. Will the State Department bow to the pressure being applied on Eain's behalf, or will it support the court's decision and unflinchingly identify acts of terrorism for what they are?

DOROTHY RABINOWITZ

Dorothy Rabinowitz is author of *New Lives* (Knopf), a study of postwar immigrants to the U.S.

A born-again labor movement?

KIRKLAND'S DEBUT

New York

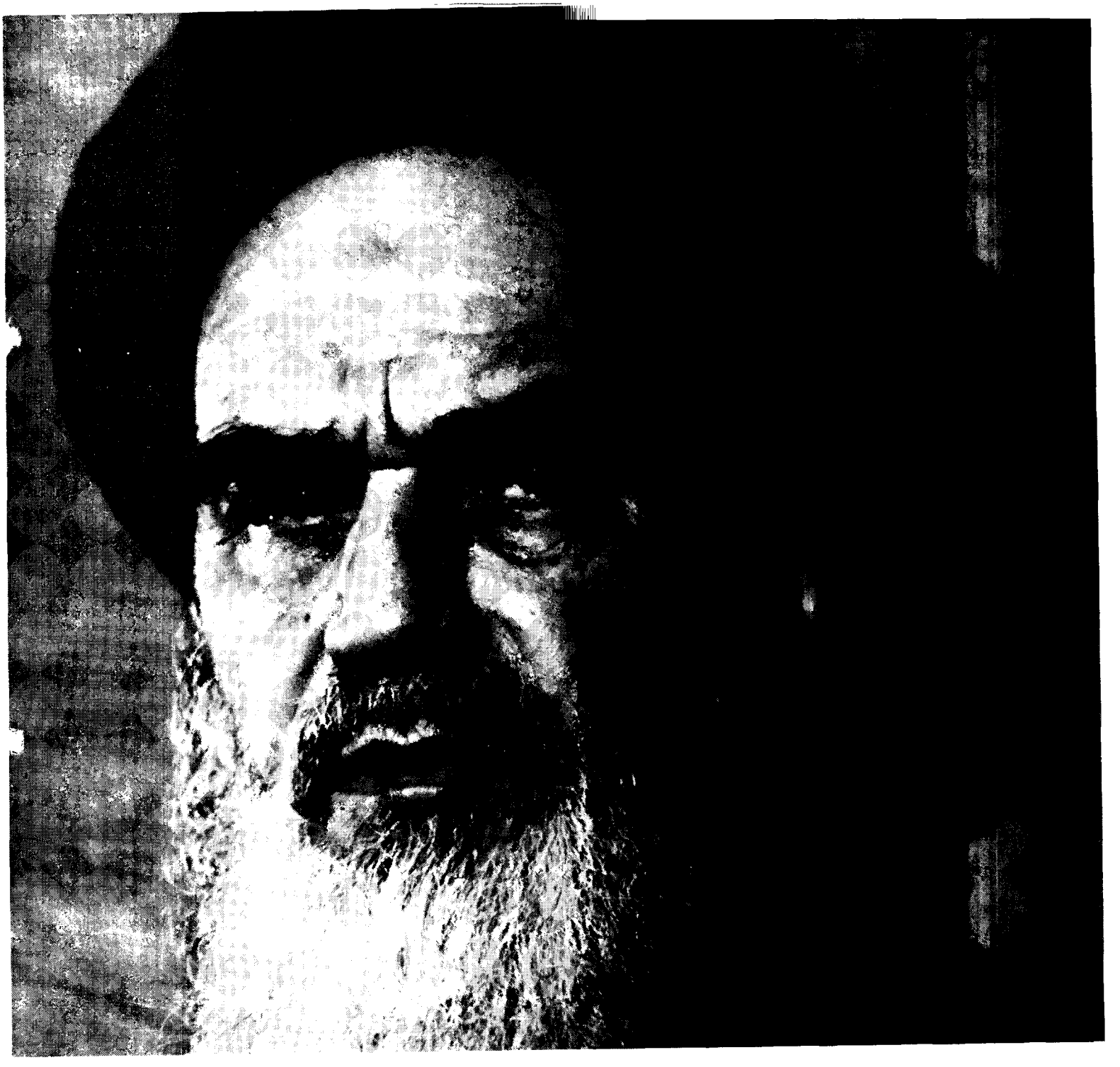
IT CAN ALMOST be said that the AFL-CIO was born again in its convention here. The stage was set for the definitive coming out of Lane Kirkland as the accepted leader of American labor. Two years before, without opposition but with some misgivings, he had been elected president of the AFL-CIO as George Meany's successor. Meany held the presidency for 27 years—more than twice as long, that is, as Franklin Roosevelt served as President of the United States. For 20 of those years, Kirkland served as Meany's top assistant, half that time as secretary-treasurer. Given Kirkland's long and profitable apprenticeship, there was no reason to suppose that he would deviate abruptly in manner or tone. "Steady as you go" were the reassuring words he had delivered to the last convention over which Meany presided. But he has evidently been guided more by Meany's injunction in his farewell address: "The labor movement cannot be content with defending the status quo or reliving glories."

Solidarity Day, the huge demonstration in Washington last September 19, was a signal of the new direction in which Kirkland is taking the AFL-CIO. After the vast surge of pride and satisfaction that swept over the labor movement and its allied organizations on that day, the question remained: "What do you do for an encore?" At the demonstration, the leaders of Solidarity Day had targeted the Reagan Administration as the enemy. Now, in ways that Samuel Gompers never dreamed of, they wanted "more." The scene for additional action became the 14th biennial convention of the AFL-CIO, celebrating the 100th anniversary of the creation of the modern American labor movement.

Kirkland's first convention marked the return, after 13 years of separation from the AFL-CIO, of the United Auto Workers. The UAW's departure was rooted in the deep split between George Meany and Walter Reuther, caused by foreign policy and personality clashes. The two men had been responsible for forging the merger of the AFL and the CIO, but tensions became too severe to sustain. Two years after the break-off, Reuther and his wife were killed in a plane crash, but it was years before there was any possibility of coming together. Emotions ran deep. Leonard Woodcock, Reuther's successor, sensed toward the end of his administration that the climate was changing inside the UAW. This became more apparent to Douglas Fraser, a strong believer in a unified labor federation. But Fraser also understood that a considerable body of his membership, out of loyalty to Reuther, would not agree to reaffiliation under a Meany presidency. When Lane Kirkland became president, he made the first gesture of welcome to the UAW, and in mid-1981 the UAW accepted the invitation. Fraser was elected to the Executive Council and, at the convention, the UAW was represented by a full delegation. Its 1.3 million members, said Kirkland as he lead the convention in a standing ovation, will bring to the AFL-CIO "the force and vigor of UAW's role and a voice for social and economic justice."

The capacity for, if not the rapidity of, change in even so bulky an organization as the AFL-CIO was seen in the election of a second woman to the 35-member Executive Council. More than 43 percent of the civilian labor force is now made up of women, but only 16 percent of them are unionized. Joyce Miller, a vice president of the Amalgamated Clothing and Textile Workers and the president of the Coalition of Labor Union Women, was named to the council a year ago; joining her now is Barbara Hutchinson of Atlanta, director of women's affairs for the American Federation of Government Employees. At 35, Hutchinson is by far the youngest member of the Executive Council. She is also one of only two blacks on the Executive Council; the other is Frederick O'Neal, head of the Associated Actors and Artistes Union. The only real disagreement to reach the floor of the convention was prompted by the choice of Hutchinson. The opposition was less to her personality than to the process by which she was selected. There were a dozen or more black union leaders who were eligible for such a post. A caucus of black delegates had drawn up a list and submitted it to the nominating committee, but the committee went outside the list in making its choice. Objections to the "process" came from Bill Lucy, secretary-treasurer of AFSCME. Lucy told the convention that many in the black caucus worked for hours "in the hope that our judgment and concern for the movement as a whole, and certainly the process, would be weighed very carefully. . . . I can't help but say that I have some dismay with the manner in which the

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



The face that launched a thousand car pools.

When most experts said the Shah would never be overthrown, one man not only warned of his possible downfall, but of its effects on the oil industry. Middle East expert Dr. Alvin Cottrell.

Cottrell has been a consultant to four nations. But only one Wall Street firm. Paine Webber. Where his information is analyzed and distilled by the research department for the Paine Webber broker.

Alvin Cottrell is one of an imposing group of outside experts who consult with Paine Webber on an ongoing basis, experts in areas as diverse as military affairs to medicine, cable television to climatology.

This consultants program has grown out of our belief that when investing, getting the right information—and getting it first—can be the difference between success and failure.

An example of how this works may be found in the report "10 New Growth Industries for 1982." Call 800-828-6109 (in New York 800-462-6465) and we will be pleased to send it to you. It will enable you to make more informed investment decisions.

And that's another reason you'll say... "Thank you, Paine Webber."

PaineWebber
Working to get the right information first.

Member SIPC

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

concerns of some of us were treated. It would seem to me if there was no desire to have this point of view, then it should not have been requested at the beginning." In reply, Kirkland said that all names were "carefully considered" by the nominating committee and the Executive Council. But at least one Executive Council member told me afterward that he expects the process to be changed by the time of the next convention.

RECESSIONS are not fertile times for the growth of unions and the AFL-CIO's share of the work force was declining even before the current slump. One response will be the kind of organizing drive that is being launched in Houston, Texas—the Houston Cooperative Organizing Program. Houston, in contrast to other areas where the industrial base is deteriorating, is a place of rapid industrial and economic growth. It is now the nation's fifth largest city and third largest port. It is located strategically in the Sun Belt and has a small but solid union base. The Executive Council's report to the convention says there are, as of a year ago, 700,000 organizable employees in metropolitan Houston. A media campaign will be an integral part of the program. Community support groups, polling, and computers will be used. Forty unions covering various jurisdictions will participate with money and manpower.

At the outset of the convention, the 850 delegates, representing 102 unions and state and city federations with 16,000,000 members, were in an expectant mood. When they settled back for Kirkland's keynote address, they were awaiting the delivery of a well-organized, even learned, speech, as befits a historic occasion. What they didn't expect was what they got: a stellar performance—brilliant, slashing, funny, sarcastic, high-spirited, earnest, dedicated.

"Yesterday, November 15, we made the crossing into the second century as a confederated trade union movement," began Kirkland, whose literary style has a touch of the baroque about it. "An old church anthem instructs us: new occasions teach new duties. Time makes ancient gods uncouth." There followed a statement of such quality and derring-do as had not been heard in similar surroundings since the 1935 AFL convention in Atlantic City, where John L. Lewis, denouncing the established labor leadership of the day for having "seduced" him with fair words, promised: "I will proceed to rend my seducers limb from limb." The difference between 1935 and 1981 was that while Lewis was talking tough to William Green, Kirkland was standing up to the President of the United States.

Kirkland cited Solidarity Day as "the greatest protest demonstration in our history," a day when the trade union movement and its allies "spoke with one great voice against the course of the government and for the human values we represent." But he really hit his stride when he went to work on President Reagan and "those engaging, amiable, and persuasive men of power in Washington whose measures drew our forces in protest." Reagan, he said, has shown "a cold heart and a hard fist," but where, indeed, is the rest of him? He then referred to the strike of the air controllers and the implacable stand taken by the Administration "to break a small union of hard-pressed public employees. That, I suppose, does express the harshest construction of the law and is perhaps popular. But is it then just and fitting to go out upon the field and shoot the wounded?"

Kirkland mocked Reagan's "brilliant and tireless team drawn from the services of avarice." He had his best fun at the expense of David Stockman, "the leading hatchet man of the Administration," and "his fleeting spasms of honesty": "What provokes his candor one can only guess. But you don't have to be an old sailor to know when the smartest rat on board heads for the hawse pipe. Lest you feel a twinge of human sympathy for his public embarrassment, let me remind you that this is the man who once coldly declared that no man is entitled to anything from one's government. He even now boasts as his proudest achievement 'the destruction of public service employment and trade adjustment assistance.' " Kirkland was interrupted by continual applause and laughter, but when he scornfully called Stockman "the original interior decorator of this economic house of ill repute," the delegates were up and shouting. When the applause died down, Kirkland continued: "Now that the sirens are sounding and the bust is due, he has his story ready. He was only the piano player in the parlor. He never knew what was going on upstairs. After a scolding by the President, he told us it was all a foolish mistake and he was only guilty of being the south end of a northbound Trojan Horse."

KIRKLAND also put some distance between himself and the Administration on the issue of international human rights. "They have sought to pose a fine choice between the lice who are totalitarian and the lice that are authoritarian," he said. "We reject such a choice, and we call instead for freedom of association everywhere as the keystone of a genuine human rights policy." And moving from the general to the concrete, he emphasized labor's new, more combative political role: "The political objective is clearly a new election year . . . next battle in our long campaign."

That long campaign began with the absence of the President of the United States. Even the compulsory hypocrisies of politics were discarded. In the past, the sitting President was invariably invited to attend an AFL-CIO convention. Not this time. The program Kirkland put together was avowedly partisan—and avowedly Democratic. Fritz Mondale spoke on the first day of the convention, Tip O'Neill on the second day, and Ted Kennedy on the third day. Kirkland is plainly taking the labor federation more deeply into

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

alliance with the Democratic Party than Meany ever did, and he will have the money to do it.

The army of labor travels on its per capita tax. With membership dropping due to unemployment, the convention voted a dues increase. Starting January 1, 1982, 5 cents will be added to the present per capita dues of 19 cents a month; a year later, another 3 cents will bring it up to 27 cents. The extra $11 million this will bring in will finance a variety of activities: the creation of a labor think tank, the Institute of Public Affairs; special grants to groups like Frontlash and the A. Philip Randolph Institute; reaffiliation with the International Confederation of Free Trade Unions, which Kirkland's AFL-CIO, in another departure from the Meany legacy, will rejoin next year after a 12-year boycott. Most important, the new money will make it possible for the AFL-CIO to finance its electoral action wing, the Committee on Political Education, out of general revenues rather than through payments by affiliate unions. COPE's new director is John Perkins, a key organizer of Solidarity Day. What will labor do for an encore? The answer is Solidarity Day II—November 2, 1982. But this time, Kirkland's troops will be marching not into the streets, but to the polls.

JOHN HERLING

John Herling, author of *Right to Challenge* (Harper & Row), has been a labor journalist for nearly 50 years. He is the editor of *John Herling's Labor Letter*.

The great container springs a leak.

GEORGE KENNAN VS. MR. 'X'

BY PAUL SEABURY

I AM SOMETIMES AWED, but more frequently mystified, by George Kennan, and in this I am not alone. He had a distinguished government career; he is a fine historian; his approach to public and foreign affairs is that of a Roman patrician. To his credit, he seems never, in his controversial writings and advocacies, to have craved popularity. He has survived many slings and arrows during his career, launched from many sites, including the Kremlin and the office of John Foster Dulles. But his late-Roman qualities place him in a special class of 20th-century American intellectuals first exemplified by Henry Adams—men ill at ease in their times and with their countrymen, men both eminently civilized and deeply troubled by vulgarity and all worldly unpleasantness. Years ago, after Kennan unveiled (in his 1957 BBC Reith Lectures) a wild but coolly phrased scheme to end the cold war by neutralizing Germany, Dean Acheson called him a mystic. The charge sticks.

Although Kennan owes his fame to his profoundly influential "X" article of 1947 in *Foreign Affairs*, "The Source of Soviet Conduct," he has devoted much of his later career to repudiating it. It is odd that the father of containment now yearns to be author of its abandonment—as though Einstein, on second thought, had repudiated the ominous $E=MC^2$, thus to shed his Nobel prize in physics for the nobler peace prize.

So it is "with a sigh and a sinking of the heart" (to borrow one of Kennan's world-weary phrases) that I reply to his latest rebuke to his "opponents." I do so because his most recent article ("Two Views of the Soviet Problem," the *New Yorker*, November 2) comes very close to what we used to call unilateral disarmament. It comes at a time when, as in the 1950s, the streets of Europe and America are filling with crowds of marchers determined again to put an end to the arms race by stopping NATO attempts to countervail a relentless Soviet nuclear arms buildup.

Kennan wishes, among other things, to reopen an old debate about the nature of the Soviet power and about the intentions of the Soviet leadership. Fundamentally this debate is about whether the policy and world outlook of the Soviet leaders are inspired by a brutal urge to expand their Communist empire, or by a sense of profound insecurity. In other words, whether the Soviet Union is set on a course of world domination or on the supposedly modest goal of guarding the empire from outside threats.

Since Kennan never specifies in the article who his "opponents" in this debate may be, he has the advantage of putting words into the mouths of anonymous personages. As he sees it, these opponents draw dan-

Paul Seabury is professor of political science at the University of California, Berkeley, and the author of *The Rise and Decline of the Cold War* (Basic Books).

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

gerous parallels between the current intentions and behavior of Soviet leaders and those of Hitler's Nazis of the late 1930s. "My opponents," he says, "reject the suggestion that Soviet policy might be motivated in any important degree by defensive considerations. . . . What emerges from this vision is, of course, an image of the Soviet regime not greatly different from the image of the Nazi regime as it existed shortly before the outbreak of the Second World War."

How much better, on the other hand, is Kennan's more sensible view! He may not be on the side of the angels, but he certainly sides with the U.S. foreign policy psychotherapists, who see America's chief role in the world, and as a superpower, to be that of reassuring others that we are not to be feared. The Kremlin leaders, he says, are a "group of troubled men," "prisoners of circumstance" and of the "rigid system of power that has given them their authority." They are legatees of all the old insecurities that through history have vexed all their predecessors, czars and commissars alike. We should not aggravate them, lest they become overvexed. Kennan, of course, is not alone in advancing this theory. Many other historians, now and in the past, have applied it to explain Russian behavior, even when Muscovy was nothing more than a tiny, threatened principality. The theory has something to be said for it when one notes that this fearful polity, through time, coping with never-ending external threats to its integrity, defensively expanded to encompass 11 time zones—nearly the whole of Eurasia. Still its leaders fear the outside world, and argue that they have even more to fear than did their predecessors—the bigger it gets, the more the Soviet Union has to defend, all the way from China to Central Europe and far beyond.

I DO NOT propose here to suggest a solution to this endless debate about Soviet intentions, as it centers on the classic issue of whether it is Marxism-Leninism or "insecurity" that motivates the Brezhnev-era leaders. A good case can be made, as Solzhenitsyn and others have done, that the Soviet Union is a messianic ideological party-state, since 1917 "occupying" and exploiting Russia as a vehicle to subjugate the rest of us.

One reason the debate runs on and on is that we know so little of how and why things happen in the Kremlin the way they do—who the alleged hawks and doves really are (if such distinctions actually exist) and what motivates them. But there are other reasons as well. The chief of them is the possibility that each proposition contains elements of truth which reinforce the other, though the ratio of each to the other remains obscured in a perpetual heavy pall of censorship, obfuscation, and, sometimes, illusion.

A flaw in Kennan's argument is that among his real (as opposed to his anonymous) opponents today there are many who share his own assessment of the Soviets' motives but who draw far different conclusions. One of the real opponents of Kennan, for example, is the President's very tough adviser on Soviet affairs, Richard Pipes, who surely would agree with the proposition that Solzhenitsyn is wrong, and that the behavior of the current Soviet leadership is far better explained by the traditional disposition of Russian rulers than by the intrusion of ideological "foreigners" like Marx and Engels. Another real opponent, from the past, was one of the nation's top cold warriors, Allen W. Dulles—Eisenhower's and Kennedy's chief spymaster. In 1947, the same year Kennan's "X" article appeared, Dulles told an audience of the National Association of Manufacturers: "Three times, if we go back to the Napoleonic period, Russia has been invaded from Western Europe. Russian memories are long and they put much more weight on what they have learned from history than on any protestations of friendship or peaceful intentions which they hear at the present time." Hence, their "historical objective" was to leave all Europe "so weakened and so dominated by the Kremlin" that the USSR "shall never hereafter be in danger from the West."

KENNAN SAYS his "opponents" try to make out the Soviet leaders as behaving like the Nazis. But even in the dark days of 1947, when the Red Army towered over a defenseless but unconquered remnant of Europe, Allen Dulles took exactly the same view of the Soviets' carefulness and caution that Kennan does today. As he put it, he saw "no reason to believe that Russia contemplates military aggression." Stalin and his comrades understood "the eventual consequences of overexpansion." They had not the "madness of a Hitler." And in this, too, most of the real opponents of Kennan would concur today, Richard Pipes included. But, as Dulles then put it (and as many would argue now), the Soviets are "moved far more subtly by bringing about the internal disintegration of those states which they 'wish to incorporate.'" Russia, Dulles stated, "hopes to absorb them into her direct sphere of influence without resorting to open warfare."

Kennan takes pains to argue that the disagreements between him and his "opponents" are "not ones of interpretation of phenomena whose reality we all agree on, but, rather . . . about what it is that we see in the first place." But is this really the case? Reasonable observers *can* agree about the same explanations of Soviet behavior and yet draw extremely different policy conclusions from them. The born-again Kennan now pays scant attention to the possibility that the military power the Soviets possess may circumscribe their adversaries' freedom of action and even cow them into submission. He, as much as anyone, would have to admit that the Soviets *never* have repudiated their clearly stated goal of breaking the Western alliance; and we may reasonably credit their current resumed "peace offensive" in Western Europe to the same motives that inspired it in the 1950s. (The report

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

that the Soviet ambassador in the Hague was recently awarded a medal for his successful role in orchestrating the Dutch anti-nuclear protests is worth noting.) The long, relentless, upward swing of Soviet military capabilities in all fields and services and regions, which dates at least from the early 1960s (when detente supposedly first arose), indicates to some expert analysts, but apparently not to Kennan, a steadiness of resolve to achieve strategic superiority; and it presents the unpleasant prospect of going on indefinitely. As former Defense Secretary Harold Brown said, our gestures of restraint in the "arms race" have not been reciprocated. We race, they race; we stop, they race; we race, they race. This has been the dilemma.

In 1981 surely the "troubled" Soviet leaders face grave problems. Some of their captive subjects are relentless. The Afghan adventure pins down several of their many Red Army divisions. Inefficiency, sloth, and drunkennesss benumb their civilian economy. Infant mortality is on the rise, and so on. But was it not always so? When Dulles spoke in 1947 of the troubled Soviet leaders, even then they were waging a ruthless domestic battle to put down *Ukrainian* rebels; their economy was in ruins; Stalin was busy liquidating his much-feared enemies. But these difficulties in no way impaired their will and capacity to threaten to subjugate *new* victims, nor did it inhibit their vigorous campaign, directly and through proxies, to threaten, neutralize, or dominate Western Europe. In many respects (which Kennan chooses to ignore) the Soviets then were in a far weaker position, in terms of overall capabilities, vis-à-vis the United States than they are now. The Red Army was numerically far superior, but the Russians had virtually no air force or navy, and, of course, had no nuclear weapons at all. But then, as now, it was their *will*—"troubled" as it may have been or is today—which was constant and formidable.

WHEN KENNAN turns to the matter of nuclear weapons and nuclear deterrence, we encounter a truly new man. His "opponents," he says, see nuclear weapons as being "just a weapon like any other weapon." They believe that the "more destructive it is the better." They say we "must have these weapons for purposes of deterrence." Then, again with a sad and weary wave of the hand, Kennan dismisses even the idea of deterrence (once essential to his own doctrine of containment). "The use of this term carries two implications: first, it is the Russians who have taken the lead in the development of these weapons, and that we are only reacting to what they have done; and, secondly, that the Russians are such monsters that unless they are deterred they would assuredly launch upon us a nuclear attack, with all the horrors and sufferings that that would bring." So much for his "opponents," and for deterrence as well. Perhaps, like some ornithologist, Kennan keeps these "opponents" stuffed in a glass cabinet in his study, as mute specimens of human incorrigibility. It would be hard to find them alive. But their presence inspires him then to move rapidly toward his bottom line. If deterrence, and not merely the conviction that nuclear weapons are "just like all other weapons," can be disavowed as justification for the West's nuclear arsenal, and if both arguments can be made to seem patently absurd, then the logical conclusion is that such weapons are not needed at all—except, perhaps, by the "troubled" leaders in the Kremlin. Kennan catches himself at this dramatic point, putting in a disclaimer: "I have never been an advocate of unilateral disarmament, and I see no necessity for anything of that sort today." But he follows this with a "but":

> But I must say that if we Americans had no nuclear weapons whatsoever on our soil instead of the tens of thousands of nuclear weapons we are now said to have deployed, I would feel the future of children and grandchildren to be far safer than I do at this moment; for if there is any incentive for the Russians to use such weapons against us, it surely comes in overwhelming degree—probably, in fact, entirely—from our own enormous deployment of them.

Since he offers no advice as to where we might safely relocate them, one gains the distinct impression that, in the interests of our grandchildren, we should simply do away with them. Even arms control—checking the race—is unacceptable. "I have no confidence in any of these schemes. I see the danger not in the number or quality of the weapons or in the intentions of those who hold them but in the very existence of weapons of this nature, regardless of whose hands they are in." He closes with an appeal for the "courage" to solve the problem through "complete elimination of these and all other weapons of mass destruction," as, presumably, we and the Russians succeeded by treaty some years ago in legally "abolishing" the very chemical weapons of mass destruction that are now being used on people in Afghanistan and Laos—the Soviets' "yellow rain."

It is hard for anyone easily to rebuff a call to "courage" for such a high-minded task without sounding very mean. But there is an obvious problem with this call. Recalling the many futile American appeals for such a course of action decades ago (when it seemed possible to return the genie to the bottle), such counsel today can only inspire despair, fanaticism, or defeatism, or all of these at the same time. To stare again into the abyss of unilateral disarmament is to see the two beasts of the Apocalypse: Red or Dead. Bertrand Russell years ago employed his neat logical mind to make the harsh choice; he chose Red. In a way, he was perfectly correct: the Soviets themselves never would relinquish these weapons; they were a ruthless totalitarian bunch, untroubled by any public concern within their territories about the horrors of such weapons. But the democracies were different. In renouncing them, we could save the world from destruction. Ken-

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

nan does not follow this harsh line of logic. But he should be reminded of it.

One does not have to see the Soviet leadership in the fearful, apocalyptic fashion that Kennan's "opponents" do. The Russians are not crouched, ready to rain their missiles down on our cities when they come to believe they have a first-strike capability. They know, and Lenin (a perverse apostle of Clausewitz) knew, that politics is a continuation of war by an admixture of other means. For them, military power—including nuclear arsenals and now, particularly, their vast arsenal of SS-20s aimed at peaceful European cities—is among other things a political instrument. The Soviets do attach enormous symbolic importance to nuclear weapons in the conduct of their *diplomacy*. These weapons are a medium of exchange in the marketplace of world politics.

In the mid-1960s, when Kennan was just beginning to reexamine the merits of his containment policy, he made the point, not that he had been wrong, but that he had been misunderstood. In advocating the employment of countervailing power to resist Soviet encroachments, he had not meant, he said (in the face of his quite vivid texts), U.S. *military* power. Rather, he had had in mind economic and other forms of assistance to states and peoples caught in the line of fire. Maybe he did have this in mind, perhaps not; but when such nonmilitary containment failed to check Communist aggression in Korea, Kennan courageously stood with those who approved the engagement of American military force in that war. But by then "deterrence" had been abandoned and "containment" had failed, since U.S. troops had been withdrawn before the Communist attack, inviting the attack.

Perhaps the flaw in the mind of this Roman patrician lies in his antecedents in the American Middle West. In this happy and most pacific realm of North America, with its regional memories of conflict chiefly those of Indian wars, many have thought of history as being tidy sequences of war and peace, with peace as the normal condition of human life. Clearly, Kennan, both as a concerned citizen and as a seasoned diplomat who has seen the 20th-century world for what it really is, cannot be accused of such innocence. But perhaps he can be accused of a perennial vice, that of imagining the world to be divided between all those unreasonable others (the "opponents") and our reasonable, humane selves, keepers of the world's conscience.

How the world learned to stop worrying and love bombing.

The Slide To Total Air War

By Michael Sherry

IMAGINING THE IMPACT of the warplane before its invention, H. G. Wells saw only terrifying possibilities. Governments would grasp the bomber as an instrument of easy victory, he prophesied in 1908, and with it they would turn the cities of their enemies into "a furnace of crimson flames." But no victory would ensue. Panicked officials might try to surrender, but enraged populations would demand vengeance, and, in spasms of patriotic passion, bombing would ripple around the globe until "universal guerrilla war"—or the war of atomic bombs he foresaw in 1913—consumed mankind.

Until World War II, Wells was almost alone in seeing that aerial warfare would be, as he said in 1908, "at once enormously destructive and entirely indecisive." Only he sensed how bombing represented the triumph of modern warfare because it allowed national and ideological passions to be expressed in, and disguised by, the cooler logic of science. Strategic bombing during World War II—the blitz against England, the destruction of Germany, above all the incineration of Japanese cities—confirmed his prophecy.

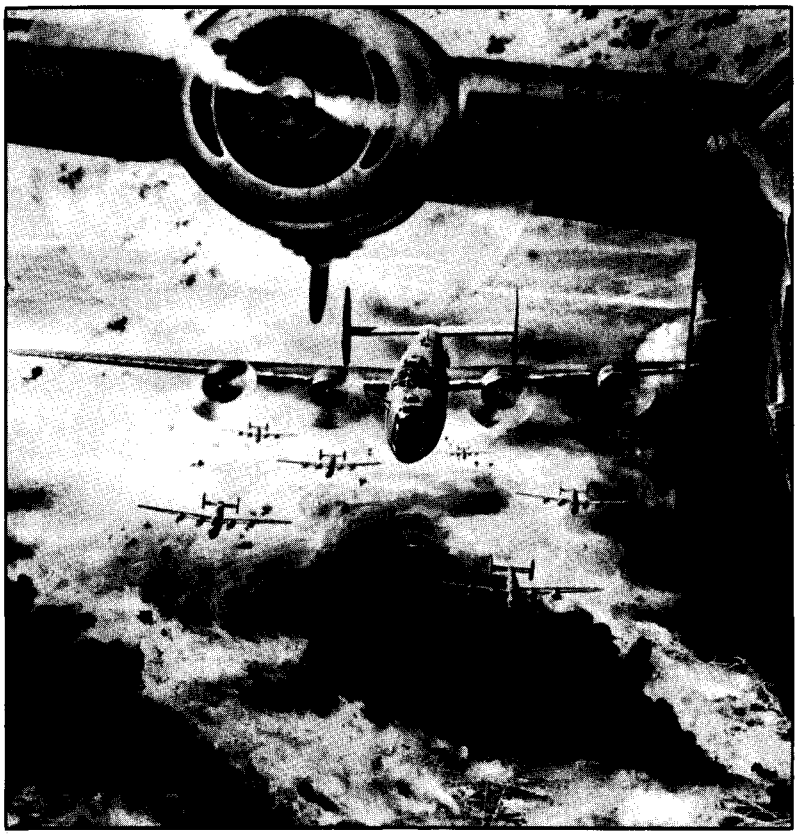
Even now, we do not quite know what to make of air war. Unlike Wells, we see it less as man's foremost modern invention than as an inevitability of our times to which we must resign ourselves. On the 40th anniversary of the Japanese air raid on Pearl Harbor—the event which justified to Americans their resort to aerial war—and in the face of new pressures to refine our current capacities for nuclear destruction, we might ask how we came to accept bombing.

One answer is simply that, before 1914, many people believed that the more modern the weapon, the

Michael Sherry is assistant professor of history at Northwestern University. He is writing a book on the rise of American air power and the bombing of Japan.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

more humane it was. The accuracy and destructiveness of new devices like the machine gun made killing so efficient that nations, it was thought, could no longer sustain long wars and might shrink from them altogether. After the turn of the century, the bomber's imagined capacity to induce terror gave additional force to this comfortable faith in progress: nations would either avoid war, to avert destruction of their cities, or sue for peace quickly once the bomber struck. Until World War II, predictions about the warplane usually ran to two extremes: its many skeptics, especially numerous in the officer corps of armies and navies, downplayed it as a minor addition to the traditional ways of war; its impassioned defenders celebrated it as an instrument of humane destructiveness. Wells explored the middle ground, seeing the bomber as a horrid but limited weapon.



OFFICIAL U.S. AIR FORCE PHOTOGRAPH OF 'B-24'S ON PLOESTI RAID' BY STANLEY DERSH

World War I shattered the complacent faith in the humaneness of modern weapons, now seen as producing senseless carnage rather than sudden victory. But, paradoxically, the war also redoubled the need to see virtue in the warplane as the one device, still largely untested, that might yet rescue mankind from the horrors of modern war. The moral and strategic case for the bomber fused lingering hopes for the humaneness of modern weaponry with the newfound revulsion over the horrors of war. The bomber's supposed virtue was its capacity to transcend the indecisive nature of industrial war on the ground and at sea. Leapfrogging the pointless battles beneath them, the bombers would strike at the enemy's "vital centers," paralyze them, and force a mercifully quick capitulation. Billy Mitchell, the American general court-martialed for his flamboyant advocacy of air power, argued in 1925 that "the menace [of air war] will be so great that either a state will hesitate to go to war, or, having engaged in war, [bombing] will make the contest sharper, more decisive, and more quickly finished. This will result in a diminished loss of life and treasure and will thus be a distinct benefit to civilization."

The bomber enthusiasts made a gross miscalculation, though one not so different from our own continuing capacity to assume that nuclear war is its own best deterrent. Bombing, far from transcending the nature of modern war, only expressed it more grimly. It did not end the stalemate of attrition warfare, but enlarged its scope by provoking civilian populations into a deadly offensive *à outrance* against each other that mimicked what the soldiers had done on the battlefields of World War I.

Nonetheless, even those who did not share Mitchell's optimism could still exact a kind of grudging reassurance from the ghastly prospect of air raids on civilian populations. The distinguished American liberal, Stuart Chase, for example, imagined, like so many of his contemporaries, the apocalypse of airborne gas attacks on cities. Writing in THE NEW REPUBLIC in 1929, he wondered about the day when the English civilization "comes, in something like half an hour, to a close. . . . Not even a rat, not even an ant, not even a roach, can survive. Every power nerve has been cut with explosives, every living thing has ceased to breathe by virtue of diphenyl chloroarsine." Yet Chase ended his essay with the hope that, should such a war ever break out, the rest of the world, properly horrified, would surely "ban the machine from war," and ban war altogether.

Bombing had become a kind of doomsday fantasy, not a believable danger. Terror was its virtue, the very reason no nation would dare unleash it. Furthermore, fear masked an understandable wish: that the bomber would offer liberation from the horrors of conventional attrition warfare. Then as now, apocalyptic rhetoric, though intended to alarm and inform, more often numbed the senses and conveyed unintended reassurances.

In any event, fear never alone governed responses to the bomber. Aviation served as the source and symbol of benefits to civilization that seemed to offset its dangers. The airplane's potential for transcending natural and national boundaries led many to celebrate

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

it as an instrument of broadened consciousness and international harmony—the stuff of neo-Wilsonian dreams. We need only remember our own sense of space flight in the 1960s as an agent of planetary and ecological awareness to understand the mood of the 1920s and 1930s. The barriers to which men attach such significance, W. Jefferson Davis wrote in 1930, "are invisible from the skies, and the big booming air liners go shuttling over them, weaving a pattern of new understanding, banishing insularity and prejudice, building up economic interdependence—surest safeguard against war—and fusing old antipathies in the unfailing solving of daily business intercourse." Charles Lindbergh was the "glad reuniter of long-riven parts," in the words of a Supreme Court Justice.

The popular celebration of Lindbergh suggested another attraction of aviation. Like the combat aviators of World War I who continued to be mythologized, like Billy Mitchell in his lonely battles against a faceless military bureaucracy, Lindbergh suggested that aviation represented a last refuge of individual heroics. It was hard to dwell on the modernity of air war when the knights of the air seemed to be the antithesis of the anonymous millions who had waged modern war, and when bombers were portrayed as an economical alternative to the battleships and bloated armies that symbolized modern militarism. Alone among modern weapons—unlike the tank or the machine gun or the submarine—the airplane fulfilled peaceful fantasies and peacetime needs, often causing people to forget its grim functional purpose in war.

The airplane also symbolized technological progress, of course. But because Americans and Englishmen emphasized a theory of strategic bombing, they largely saw in military aviation the precision and elegance of modern science, not the destruction which technology made possible. The bomber, in Mitchell's tortured distinction, would strike against "centers of production of all kinds, means of transportation, agricultural areas, ports and shipping; not so much the people themselves." In reality, neither the state of their art nor the size of their budgets allowed airmen in the 1930s to build a bomber force capable of anything but indiscriminate attacks. Comfortable with their myth of precision bombing, they did not address the moral problem such attacks would pose.

THE POLITICS of national defense diminished still further any attention by Americans to that problem. For one thing, as the Billy Mitchell affair showed, the endless struggle of the Air Corps to gain funding and autonomy from the Army focused attention far more on bureaucratic conflict, and on secondary questions like the effectiveness of the bomber against the battleship, than on the central strategic and moral issue. The prevailing resistance to renewed involvement in Europe's military conflicts also sharply skewed debate over air power. It seemed neither necessary nor permissible to mention the possibility of using bombers to attack faraway nations. Insofar as that possibility arose at all, it usually was in inverted form: the common scenario about what enemy bombers might do to American cities was at most a backhanded, even unconscious, way of suggesting what we might do to the enemy. Only in imagining a war with Japan did some Americans, especially Mitchell, explicitly suggest that American bombers might attack cities.

Attention in both the media and military war games far more commonly fell on the defensive role that America's long-range bombers should play in intercepting the battleships and carriers that might steam toward her shores. By 1939 and 1940, a curious anomaly emerged in debate over air power: defense experts and politicians inveighed against the production of short-range aircraft which, they argued, could only be used to support our armies in a return to Europe. Better, they said, to manufacture long-range B-17s—the first true strategic bomber—capable of defending the vast ocean approaches to America. In such ways, quite sensible at the time, a developing offensive capacity to bomb others remained disguised by the preoccupation with protecting ourselves.

DICTATORS' use of aviation in the 1930s generated other twists and turns in the debate on air power. As Goering turned the Luftwaffe into a Nazi elite, as Hitler brandished his bombers at Munich, as he and Mussolini turned their warplanes against Spain, and as Japan terrorized Chinese cities from the air, air power seemed to many observers a peculiarly "fascist" technique of war. Such a perception both justified the democracies' development of bomber forces and reassured them that they were not the ones to practice terror from the sky.

At the same time, the little information coming from "the bargain counters of murder" in China and Spain renewed, curiously enough, the foundering hopes for humane use of air power. Blood did run in the streets of Shanghai and Barcelona, but the failure there of indiscriminate slaughter to force capitulation strengthened the case for precision bombing and seemingly diminished the likelihood of future attacks on cities. Churchill pronounced terror bombing useless in a June 1939 article for *Collier's*, a magazine which had earlier assured Americans that "wholesale bombing for sheer terrorism would be a costly, worthless gesture; it is a political catchword to scare you, but you won't find it in the militarist's practical handbook."

The fatal flaw in this reasoning, as in most of the arguments about bombing, was the assumption that nations resorted to war only in rational, calculating ways, that their decisions were solely "based on the weighing of risk, or cost, against advantage," as one defense expert put it. Lloyd George's impassioned promise of vengeance to the victims of German bombing in World War I—"We shall bomb Germany with

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

compound interest!"—had already suggested, as Wells had already predicted, that bombing satisfied primal yearnings for revenge and blood, emotions barely disguised by talk of careful calibrations of tangible gain. As long as those passions were ignored, and as long as people's misconceptions about air war continued, they could not imagine how it could be waged in indecisive but horrifying ways. Unthinkable and seductive, the idea of air war against cities became acceptable with much anguish but little realistic debate.

Even the Nazis' triumph at Munich carried an attractive message. Among American officials, Hitler's success at aerial blackmail triggered not outrage but consternation and envy at how cheaply Hitler got his way. The affair completed Roosevelt's conversion to air power—as a weapon not of war and conquest, but of defense through intimidation. By the fall of 1941, squeezed between threats of war in both the Atlantic and the Pacific, the Roosevelt Administration sought a dramatic way to hold the Japanese at bay by staging its own Far Eastern Munich. It scrambled to build up a force of B-17s in the Philippines which would convince Tokyo that it had to cease expansion or risk incineration. Should Japanese forces march on anyway, "we'll fight mercilessly," General George Marshall, the Army's Chief of Staff, remarked in a "secret" press briefing he perhaps hoped would be leaked to the Japanese. "Flying fortresses will be dispatched immediately to set the paper cities of Japan on fire. There won't be any hesitation about bombing civilians—it will be all-out." The notion of precision bombing was already disappearing—without debate.

THE ATTACK on Pearl Harbor came before the B-17s were in place. The B-17 plan was fanciful anyway, and sober airmen knew that their bombers might soon be waging war rather than deterring it. Still, it suggested important dimensions of America's growing interest in air war. First, focusing on the deterrent capacity of air power avoided confrontation with the moral problem of its actual use in war: bloodless victory or painless defense involved no killing. Second, Americans remained determined to avoid large-scale land war, but became convinced that they had to wield power abroad. Like the British, they saw in air power a way to reap the benefits of war with minimal sacrifice of lives and democratic liberties. That appeal was doubly strong for Americans because they alone feared no retaliation for their use of the bomber, and because they abhorred the militarism and statism they associated with costly navies and conscript armies. Finally, these prewar plans suggested the force of the momentum to bomb in war. A willingness to torch Japanese cities, though strengthened by the spirit of revenge that arose after Pearl Harbor, existed well before the day of infamy.

When war broke out in Europe, the "knockout blow," long feared and long hoped for, never came. Uncertain escalation came instead. Britain bore primary responsibility for the first attacks on cities in 1940, less out of some well-considered determination to break the morale of Germany's civilian population than out of the inability of its few, aimlessly directed bombers to do anything else. Of course strategic reasons were offered for turning British bombers loose on German cities. Britain's leaders argued that they had no other way to engage the enemy, aid Russia, and bring the war home to the German people, given the impossibility of an early invasion of the continent. Certainly Britain's substantial force of bombers could not simply be shelved until a better day came. And British morale—a strategic factor in itself—seemingly required evidence of offensive action.

NONE of these arguments was convincing, morally or strategically. British bombers did not constitute some kind of "surplus" capacity for war-making that would have been wasted unless used to fire the enemy's cities. They could have been put to excellent use against German soldiers and sailors in the life-and-death Battle of the Atlantic and the lesser contest in the Mediterranean. Or the enormous resources of manpower and materiel they consumed could have been turned to altogether different purposes. At best, bringing the war home to the German people made moral and strategic sense only if it served some useful purpose, a possibility which Britain's own performance under the Blitz alone tended to discount. Killing enemy civilians simply to sustain morale was indefensible on the face of it, and all the more so since it presumed incorrectly that morale was indeed crumbling and that there were no other ways to sustain it.

The "smokescreen of strategic bluster," as Max Hastings calls it in *Bomber Command*, and the bureaucratic euphemisms about "de-housing" German workers obscured the real sources of bombing by presuming a rational calculation of advantage that rarely took place. Britain leapt into precision attacks and then slid into terror bombing because of bureaucratic inertia and the blind urge for vengeance. The bombers were at hand, Air Marshal Arthur "Bomber" Harris and his RAF could not admit their inability to win the war, and redirection of British resources would have required officials to confess their error and the remoteness of victory. The intangible, unmeasurable objectives set for Britain's air offensive—the morale of its own citizens and of its enemies—further ensnared the country in bombing. "Admirals could be sacked for failing to sink or save ships, generals for failing to win or hold ground," Hastings has written. "But nowhere was it suggested in the winter of 1941-42 that if Germany failed to collapse by a given date in the face of air attack, then the bomber offensive would have to be judged a failure."

The vagueness of the objectives in turn indicated how much vengeance alone motivated the bombing, as

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Churchill suggested in his talk of a "devastating, exterminating attack" on German cities. The closing 18 months of the war decisively confirmed the blindness of the urge to bomb. Even as doubts about the morality of area bombing persisted among many Englishmen, even as the British at last developed a more accurate bombing capability, even as some airmen and scientists argued cogently for the superior benefits of an attack on enemy oil and transportation, the city-bombing offensive—aided at times by American air forces—escalated. Its targets were often casually chosen simply because they were destructible rather than important. In cities like Darmstadt and Dresden, the firestorms raged.

Measured against Nazi crimes and inevitable wartime passions, little of this may surprise us now. Nor are bombers the only weapons to be hurled into senseless battles: armies march on stupid campaigns, battleships steam to pointless engagements. The record of bombing in Europe neither proved nor disproved the utility of strategic airpower. The bomber offensive against Germany could not alone win the war, but it was useful in paving the way for final victory on the ground by destroying the Luftwaffe, scrambling Nazi logistics, perhaps even by justifying the delay until 1944 of an invasion of France that might have been disastrous in 1942 or 1943, the target dates of many American planners.

But what we know about the emotions that informed the Allied bombing campaign suggests that the usual questions we ask—Was precision bombing more effective than area bombing? Was tactical bombing more useful than strategic?—simply miss the point. We need to understand not why they failed to choose this or that alternative, but why they largely failed to weigh alternatives at all. Deeper forces than strategic calculation fueled the momentum to bomb.

THIS WAS evident in the American air war against Japan as well. Circumstances differed. Americans never experienced the suffering in their cities, which makes us more tolerant of the British urge for revenge. Likewise, Japan, unlike Germany, never threatened the survival of the Allies. On the other hand, Japan's very inability to retaliate enhanced the attractions of bombing it, and the alternative paths to victory seemed either too costly (in the case of invasion) or too tedious and uncertain (in the case of naval blockade and economic strangulation) for a nation committed to a bigger task in Europe and impatient for the return of peace.

But in the Pacific War as well, strategic calculations rationalized policy more than they dictated it. Even before Pearl Harbor, the "paper cities" of Japan had seemed inviting targets for wholesale firebombing. When the precision raids begun in 1944 proved costly and only marginally effective, the head of the Army Air Forces, General Henry Harley Arnold, keenly aware that the bomber's success would determine the fate of the AAF, sacked the commander committed to precision bombing. In January 1945, Curtis LeMay—later to gain fame for his advocacy of bombing North Vietnam "back to the stone age"—took over the job.

Without direct orders from Roosevelt or Arnold, but under intense pressure from both to get results, LeMay decided to launch massive night incendiary raids on Japanese cities. On March 9, 1945, over 300 of his B-29s destroyed 16 square miles of Tokyo. It was the most destructive air raid of the war. As the superheated air generated fierce windstorms and consumed the oxygen, tens of thousands of Japanese collapsed "like so many fish left gasping in the bottom of a lake that has been drained," as one survivor put it. The death toll probably exceeded that at Hamburg, or Dresden, or even Hiroshima and Nagasaki. LeMay's bombers moved on to the other Japanese cities through the spring and summer, omitting only a few to serve as "virgin" targets for the atomic bomb.

HOW WOULD the firebombing contribute to victory? No one said, beyond vaguely arguing that since the bombers couldn't hit the factories, they could slow production by destroying the city around them. Firebombing seemed cost-effective since it "causes a greater loss of man-hours per ton of bombs dropped than can be accomplished by any other means." But the connection between destruction and surrender was simply asserted, or often just taken for granted. Indeed, in response to a question in June 1945 from Arnold about when the war would end, LeMay confessed that he hadn't thought about it, and later replied that it would have to end by October 1 because by then his bombers would have run out of targets!

Back home the American press calmly accepted the destruction as deserved vengeance for Japanese war crimes or as grim preparation for Allied invasion of the Japanese home islands. Kamikaze attacks on American naval forces allowed the Japanese to appear, more than ever, an irrational foe in American eyes. They strengthened racial stereotypes already acted on in the incarceration of Japanese-Americans in 1942. This image of an enemy willing to commit national suicide both justified and obscured American fanaticism.

The two nations differed only in that the Japanese could be fanatical in the expenditure of manpower, the Americans in the application of almost limitless firepower. Because American fanaticism was technological, it was expressed in and hidden by the dehumanized language of science and systems analysis—bureaucratic doubletalk again about "de-housing workers," for example. Bombing, as scientist Freeman Dyson has written, "made evil anonymous. Through science and technology, evil is organized bureaucratically so that no individual below the very top is responsible for what happens." Indeed, in the American case, where the decision-making process was so complex, the chain

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

of command so long, the distance from the war so great, it is not clear how much even those at "the very top" assumed responsibility.

Unlike the bombing of Germany, the attack on Japan did have the final justification of an apparently decisive contribution to victory. Yet even here judgments are necessarily tentative. Much of the firebombing simply destroyed industrial and military capacity already rendered useless by a naval and air blockade that served Japan's access to raw materials. Bombing also shattered popular confidence in the possibility of victory, but it produced no clamor for surrender, and no one has ever argued that the government, already resigned to defeat at the start of the fire raids, surrendered in response to popular pressures.

The best case for bombing is that it gave the peace faction additional leverage in forcing an acceptance of surrender, hurrying it along by some unknowable margin of time. That is, the bombing did not hasten defeat—already inflicted—but surrender. But the sticking point to surrender had long been Japanese uncertainty about Soviet intentions and about the Allies' plans for the Emperor. It is by no means clear whether Russia's entry into the war and Washington's guarded, last-minute assurances about a continuing role for the Emperor weren't the critical variables, rather than the firebombing and the attack on Hiroshima.

During the cold war, revisionist historians helped to stir a rancorous debate about American intentions in dropping the atomic bomb. Much outrage arose over the failure to issue assurances about the Emperor before Hiroshima and the possible use of atom bombs as an instrument of cold war diplomacy. Informative about the grave issues of the postwar period, much of the debate nonetheless missed the point. We would have used the bomb even had no cold war been brewing.

INDEED, the firebombing of Germany and Japan, especially the Tokyo holocaust, had already created a momentum that preempted strategic and moral anxiety about use of the atomic bomb. No new decision was necessary, only an unwillingness to revoke old ones. We should be shocked not by the possibility that we used the weapon to some hard-boiled purpose—such as threatening Russia—but by the possibility that we used it to no well-defined purpose at all, simply because we had it, because we assumed that we must use everything we had, and because we assumed that using everything would, somehow, lead to victory. In choosing, as the United States largely has, to remember and agonize over only the "decision" to use the atomic bombs, we comfort ourselves by simplifying our evil, narrowing it to one moment of choice rather than seeing a pattern that lasted an entire war.

Because of the wholesale slaughter practiced—and more than that, the racism and dehumanization that characterized it—we may even find in the ovens of Tokyo a moral equivalence of Hitler's gas chambers. Two simple, perhaps distasteful, but powerful distinctions make us cautious about any such facile comparison. Racial hatred was endemic to the attitudes that led us into the Pacific War, to the culture of America at war, to the motivation for killing—to the *way* we waged war. But it was never central to our purpose in war, as it was to Germany's. Once we were victorious, we ceased killing Japanese. We can be sure that victorious Nazis would not have ceased killing Jews—indeed, at the end they kept it up even to the point of sacrificing their war effort. For the American forces, killing was sometimes an end in itself, but not exclusively. It was connected in American minds to victory, however casually they measured it, however often they forgot it.

A second distinction is also necessary. Surely the German and Japanese leaders who sacrificed their populations to enemy bombers—and more important, did so in what they knew, by the time of Dresden or Tokyo, to be an utterly futile cause—share a measure of blame for massive civilian casualties. The Japanese and German governments had an alternative to the killing: surrender. The victims of the Holocaust had no alternative at all.

THE SIN in Allied bombing was above all its inadvertence. It was technological fanaticism—a pursuit of destructive ends, but one expressed, sanctioned, and disguised by technological means. It occurred because of the growth in modern times of two distinct but related phenomena—the will to destroy, and the means of destruction. The will to destroy helped motivate development of the means; attainment of the means made the destruction seem imperative and painless. Employment of the means in war enraged nations into waging more destruction. The sin was inadvertent in that illusions about modern technology made air war unthinkable before it occurred, and bureaucratic war-making made responsibility for it diffuse and unclear once war began. It was sin of a modern kind because it seemed to involve no choice. It was the product of a slow accretion of large fears, thoughtless assumptions, and at best discrete decisions.

We might remember this now when we entertain the fantasy that there will be a moment of supreme decision at the brink of some future world war when our leaders, their fingers dangling above the nuclear button, ponder what to do. As Wells knew, we set our course by the ways in which we think—or decline to think—about war in the weeks and months and years prior to the moment of supreme crisis, and by the little decisions we make in preparation for it. Harold Macmillan once recalled how "we thought of air warfare in 1938 rather as people think of nuclear war today." The parallel should not comfort us. Just as one generation learned to accept bombing as the terror that could not happen, so too has this generation accepted the bomb itself.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

STANLEY KAUFFMANN ON FILMS

Warren Beatty's Triumph

Reds is both an accurate and a possibly misleading title. It's accurate because the two leading characters devote much of what we see of their lives to Communist activities. It's possibly misleading because the focus is on the people,

Reds
(Paramount)

not the activities. This is not, in essence or intent, a political work; it is biographical. Solanas's *Hour of the Furnaces*, Pontecorvo's *Battle of Algiers*, Wajda's *Man of Marble* are political films, which posit and explore political questions, then strongly support particular action about them: *Reds* is a patently different order of work. The people in it are politically inspired, but their convictions are explored only sufficiently to validate them. The film concentrates on the beings who gave themselves to certain issues, rather than the issues themselves. A somewhat large analogy: *Reds* is to communism and the Bolshevik revolution what *Hamlet* is to Danish foreign policy: the work is inconceivable without its political context, but context is what it remains.

All this is by way of explanation, not indictment. What *Reds* sets out to do, it does—in a number of ways—with power. Warren Beatty is the name with which critical comment must begin. Beatty produced *Reds*, collaborated on the screenplay (with the English playwright Trevor Griffiths), directed, and plays the leading male role. If *Reds* were not as good as it is, those facts about a three-and-a-half-hour film would still be impressive merely in terms of energy. But *Reds* surges past statistical praise—and past the defects that I'll note. This film about John Reed and Louise Bryant is extraordinarily stirring.

When I reviewed a biography of Reed in THE NEW REPUBLIC (November 4, 1967), I began with a summary of his life and said, "The story might have been contrived by a clever popular novelist." *Reds* proves that my term was wrong: as Beatty presents it, the story might have been written by F. Scott Fitzgerald if Fitzgerald had ever developed the political sense that Edmund Wilson tried to inculcate in him. Not just the period but the flavor, the hurts and mendings, the sense of golden yearning are fundamental Fitzgerald. *Reds* begins in 1915 when Reed is 28, five years out of Harvard, has already been a war correspondent in Mexico and Europe, has written a book of poems in Greenwich Village, has been the lover and companion of Mabel Dodge. He visits his native city of Portland, Oregon, where he meets Louise Bryant, then 21 and married to a dentist. The events of his life before their meeting are barely sketched: but to deal with only Reed's last five years, the picture needs every moment of the time it takes. It splashes through the roaring social and political currents of the day; it treats radical clashes as the hero's personal challenge; and (a true Fitzgerald theme) it shows the American hero's face turned often toward Europe—in Reed's case, toward European intellectual and ideological tradition, with even a hint of envy for the European miseries that had ultimately produced revolution.

To situate the film historically, Beatty has interwoven bits from interviews with Witnesses (his term), people who were contemporaries of Reed and Bryant, some of whom knew one or both. Always the Witnesses are seen against a dark background, so that they seem revenants, suspended in time. None of these speakers is identified, which was a mistake, I think: each could have been tagged on first appearance. I recognized some: Dora Russell, Rebecca West, Scott Nearing and—deceased since the filming—Roger Baldwin, Arthur Mayer, Henry Miller, George Jessel. (He comments on popular music.) But I'd like to have known who all of them were.

Still the device helps: the Reed-Bryant story, private and political, is so wildly dramatic that these occasional comments act both as ballast and support. Louise and Jack become lovers in Portland; she follows him to New York, into his radical political and journalistic life—which featured antiwar activity—and she pursues a journalistic career of her own. They go to Provincetown where, though she loves Jack and marries him, she has an affair with the infatuated Eugene O'Neill. She and Jack quarrel; in June of 1917 she goes to France as a war correspondent. Jack finds her in France, persuades her to come with him to the "real story" in Russia; they witness the "ten days that shook the world"; they come home where he writes his eyewitness account. (No book ever had a truer title.) Then, after a split within U.S. Communist ranks, Jack returns to Russia—with great difficulty—in 1919 to represent his group's interests in the plans for world revolution. He deals particularly with Grigory Zinoviev; accompanies Zinoviev and other functionaries on a railway trip through White-held territory to a conference in Baku; is caught in battle with the Whites on his return trip; is reunited in Moscow with Louise who has followed him to Russia; and he dies there of typhus in 1920. The film omits his interment under the Kremlin wall, though this is mentioned

FILMS WORTH SEEING

. . . *All the Marbles*. This comedy about two women wrestlers and their manager is undeniably violent but also undeniably good-hearted and funny.

Chariots of Fire. The basically true story of two British runners in the 1924 Olympics, elaborated into a moving social drama.

My Dinner with André. André Gregory, a well-known avant-garde theater director, and Wallace Shawn, a lesser-known playwright, have dinner and talk. No, I didn't believe it would be interesting, either; but it is.

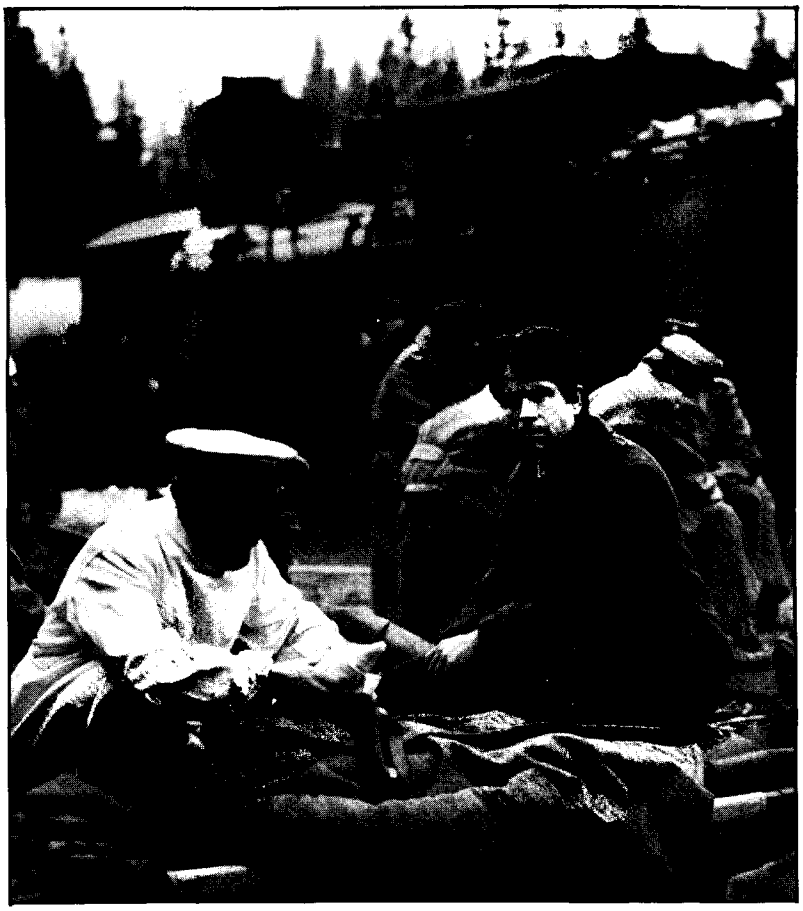
Time Bandits. An English boy and six dwarfs explore holes in time and space. Written and directed by two of the Monty Python gang. A child's delight, a parent's fun.

SK

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

earlier by one of the Witnesses.

There's some material about Reed's possible disillusion with the Soviets before his death, or at least some fluctuation. Fourteen years ago, my review of the Reed biography brought me a letter from a 92-year-old Portland woman named Elizabeth Olsen who had known Louise well and wrote: "It is very difficult for me to believe that Jack recanted . . . [Louise and Jack] were romanticists but surely shrewd enough to realize there had to be a practical side to this world-shaking venture." I take this to mean that Olsen thought the Reeds would have foreseen some tempering of pure principle by the hard facts of governing. But according to Max Eastman and others, Louise said that Jack had become disheartened by Soviet behavior, that she had "to bolster up his morale." Because her words don't come to us through impartial people, the question of Jack's last beliefs will probably remain open. The film, rightly, leaves it that way.



PHOTOGRAPH BY DAN WEAKS FROM 'REDS'

The first, longer section of *Reds* (before intermission), ending with the ten days in Petrograd, is about two lovers whose personal life is stormy and whose public life is increasingly bound up with radical politics. The second section is about two people in political life—especially the man—who are lovers. This transition is conveyed by the finish of the first section. There are magnificent shots of the Petrograd masses marching up a wide street, carrying banners and singing the "Internationale," and these are intercut with shots of Jack and Louise making love in their Petrograd apartment while the march is going on. This juxtaposition seemed to me quite the opposite of cheap or sensational: it was emotionally and dramatically just, and it prepared for the shift of emphasis in Part Two.

I want so much to praise so much of *Reds* that I must get my objections out of the way. Chief is the choice of cinematographer. Vittorio Storaro, possibly selected for his work on Bertolucci's *The Spider's Stratagem*, *The Conformist*, and *1900*, helped to make those political pictures look like confectionery. Perhaps Beatty wanted to underscore that his two leading characters were "romanticists," but the romantic colorings don't stop with them. *Everything* looks a bit too lush, and this hampers the historicity that Beatty achieves so well in other ways.

Jack Nicholson, as Eugene O'Neill, is Jack Nicholson. His role is written blandly, without individuation, and Nicholson does nothing to supply colors—he just floats through. He's too healthy-looking, anyway, for the gaunt O'Neill.

Maureen Stapleton is Emma Goldman—which is a difficult sentence to type. No screenplay could do real justice to Goldman without centering on her, but, in proportion, she's moderately well drawn in this script. Then the role of this Lithuanian-Jewish anarchist, this plowing battleship of a woman, was given to an Irish-American sentimentalist who seems to have trouble with long words.

Some characters have been snipped to near anonymity, presumably in the film editing. Gene Hackman's role as a labor editor is so reduced that it's now overinhabited by this good actor. Max Eastman and Floyd Dell are just names pinned on some actors who pass through. Paul Sorvino is arresting as Louis Fraina, the Italian-born leader of the splinter U.S. Communist group, but the editing leaves unexplained how he, too, got to Moscow in 1919 and was reconciled with Reed. And the success of Reed's book in the U.S., which stood him in good stead in Russia, is not even mentioned.

Beatty commits cutenesses. The Reeds have a dog that keeps trying to get into their bedroom when they make love. In their Petrograd apartment, Jack keeps hitting his head on the low chandelier. When Jack and Louise embrace on the train platform after his return from Baku, marshmallow music—by Stephen Sondheim—bloats the soundtrack. Near the end, when Louise goes down the hospital hall to get water for her sick husband, the tin cup accidentally drops from her hand with a clatter—a pat signal to us that, when she gets back to the room, Jack will be dead.

But so much of this immense film is so fine that all these flaws, and others that could be noted, cannot spoil it: they just seem inexplicable, which they would not be in a lesser picture. Begin the praise with Diane Keaton, a special pleasure because unexpected. "Louise was a very beautiful woman," Elizabeth Olsen wrote me. There's a certain style in which photographs show that to be true, and in that style, Keaton is beautiful, too—as she is dressed and lighted here. Her look and manner, sexual and mercurial, imperious yet tender, are the ground of Keaton's performance as the New Woman, a figurative sister of Isadora Duncan, entering the 20th century with an appetite for every freedom, with the air of a released prisoner's vengeance for wrongful past confinement. Nothing in

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

'Ten Days' Reconsidered

What a wonderful, frustrating, ridiculous book this is! John Reed's *Ten Days That Shook the World* (Penguin, $2.95 paper) is simultaneously the best eyewitness account of the Bolshevik Revolution ever written, and an utter failure as an analytical account of the Bolshevik Revolution. This wasn't easy to accomplish; neither was the Bolshevik Revolution.

Reed was the sort of young man we would dismiss today as a hopeless romantic, but who in his day lived out his romantic impulses with gusto —not least because foreigners like Mexicans and Russians kept creating the conditions required for Reed's chosen way of life. Walter Lippmann's classmate and friend at Harvard, lover of Mabel Dodge and active member of her Greenwich Village bohemian salon, veteran of the Mexican and Russian revolutions, Reed lived the life Walter Mittys dream about.

His adventure in Russia was simply extraordinary, and even 64 years later his amazing good luck can make a former Moscow correspondent green with envy. Today the job of an American journalist in Russia is a great contest: a contest with the world's most sullen bureaucracy, a contest with professional liars, a contest with oneself over simple issues like self-control, patience, and endurance.

But Reed seems only to have had fun. The Bolsheviks welcomed him into their fold (not least because he abandoned all journalistic ethics to embrace their cause). Trotsky personally wrote out press passes for him. This access was crucial to Reed, but only his great good fortune can explain his success in "covering" the Revolution. He and a band of four other Americans (among them a Bessie Beatty), all sympathetic to the cause, repeatedly found themselves in the right place at the right moment, most astoundingly inside the Winter Palace just as it was falling to the Red Guards. There, and then elsewhere, Reed seems to have come within an inch of losing his life because illiterate members of the avant garde of the working class suspected him of traitorous behavior. But his accounts of these close calls are all good-natured and calm.

It is impossible to reread this book today without constantly comparing it both to official Soviet mythology about the Revolution, and to subsequent scholarly accounts. Next to the mythology, *Ten Days* is a richly anarchic, ambiguous portrait; next to subsequent scholarship, it is naive and oversimplified.

Reed understood that the Bolsheviks were just a faction, and he includes in his book abundant evidence that they did not enjoy majority support even in Petrograd at the time of their uprising. (In an election of a constituent assembly two weeks later that was run by the Bolsheviks, they got more votes than any other party, but less than 40 percent of the total. Reed prints these results.) Reed accurately refers to the Bolsheviks' seizure of power as a coup d'état. He does not avoid evidence that Lenin, Trotsky, Kamenev, and the others dealt ruthlessly with opponents, and he notes how quickly Lenin closed opposition newspapers after seizing power. But none of this seems to bother Reed in the least. All of *Ten Days* sunnily assumes that the real proletariat was thoroughly in favor of the Bolsheviks, and that whatever their leaders had to do in revolutionary circumstances was justified.

This of course is what Reed wanted to believe, and there is no evidence that he ever seriously challenged his own prejudices. He knew nothing of the countryside, where most Russians lived, and had to accept second- and third-hand accounts of events outside Petrograd and Moscow. Even on the streets of Petrograd, Reed had to accept evidence he gathered through interpreters, or from French-speaking Russians. Reed never directly acknowledges in his book that he did not speak Russian, and often leaves the impression that he could at least understand it, though he apparently did not.

The historically important aspect of the Bolshevik uprising that Reed captures brilliantly is its seat-of-the-pants quality. The uprising was a product of anarchy, pulled off in a state of national confusion. It could have collapsed easily without a lot of luck and brilliant leadership. There was no "general uprising," as Mao later put it, to legitimize Lenin's seizure of power. It was always a touch-and-go proposition.

What Reed missed entirely was the degree of plotting and calculation that went into the Bolshevik coup. Lenin, the chief plotter, rarely appears in the book, and doesn't appear at all as a schemer or organizer. Reed apparently knew little of the history of the Bolshevik faction, its many years of conspiratorial activity or its reliance on "intellectuals" as its key members. In *Ten Days* the 1917 Revolution is depicted as a spontaneous reaction to horrible wartime conditions. Lenin deserves more credit than that!

But to be fair, there is nothing in *Ten Days* that smacks of heavy political analysis. It is first of all a vivid personal account of a great adventure, and on that level it cannot be easily faulted. It is full of wonderful writing, and conveys a vivid sense of place and of people. Consider, for example, Reed's portrait of Lenin:

> A short, stocky figure, with a big head set down in his shoulders, bald and bulging. Little eyes, a snubbish nose, wide, generous mouth, and heavy chin; clean-shaven now, but already beginning to bristle with the well-known beard of his past and future. Dressed in shabby clothes, his trousers much too long for him. Unimpressive, to be the idol of a mob, loved and revered as perhaps few leaders in history have been. A strange popular leader—a leader purely by virtue of intellect; colorless, humorless, uncompromising and detached, without picturesque idiosyncrasies—but with the power of explaining profound ideas in simple terms. . . . And combined with shrewdness, the greatest intellectual audacity.

That's the fellow who made a revolution that has brought so much misery to Russia, and so much trouble to the world.

Robert G. Kaiser

Robert G. Kaiser is a reporter for the *Washington Post* and author of *Russia: People and the Power* (Pocket Books).

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Keaton's previous work prepared me for the fire and determination and *fullness* with which she lifts this woman into being. Allow for Beatty's perception of her possibilities, for the help he apparently gave her in direction; it's Keaton who did it, even triumphing over some bits of mouthy rhetoric that come her way. She is the legendary Louise whom Jack needed. (Evidently Louise needed Jack even more. After a subsequent marriage that failed, she ended with a wretched, drugged, drunken death 16 years after he died.)

Another extremely acute stroke was the casting of the novelist, Jerzy Kosinski, as Zinoviev. That Kosinski is a practiced and resourceful performer is no news to those who have known him in private life. I don't know that he has ever before done conventional acting, but he does it here, with razor sharpness and an authority that comes from precise knowledge of Soviet atmospherics. Beatty directs all the Soviet political meetings well, but Kosinski's presence in many of them contributes a wiry dynamics; and he contrasts provocatively with the openness of the fervent Reed.

In Reed, Beatty has found himself as an actor—has perhaps found areas of himself that surprised him. Beatty has sometimes done good work in the past, but this performance is on a new plane. He very clearly *loves* Reed, the entire, gifted, egocentric, passionate, foolish, large-spirited, aspiring man. It's as uncommon as it is wonderful to sense such love in an actor for a character, to see it result in such completeness of creation. Sherwood Anderson said of Reed: "I have never met a man who awakened so much quick affection in me." I believed this, and a great deal more, of Beatty's Reed. I wouldn't equate Beatty as artist with Laurence Olivier; still, Beatty gives here the best self-directed film performance since Olivier's Henry V.

As director, Beatty has inevitably had models, especially because of his subject. (There's even a sly reference to Eisenstein's *October*—Kerensky on the staircase of the Winter Palace—when Reed goes up those stairs to meet Kerensky.) If Beatty's directing has the lapses described, if it never shows a marked individual style, it has clarity and control almost all the time. And the large scenes—the political rallies in America, the ten days in Petrograd, the Soviet conclaves, the battle on the Baku line—are swirled out before us with the sweep of a generous dramatic imagination. No doubt Beatty is grateful to his two exceptional editors, Dede Allen and Craig McKay, and he certainly was blessed by the art direction of Richard Sylbert, but, warts and all, Beatty made this picture: and it's a big achievement.

Reds, as noted at the start, is not a revolutionary film. (Anyway, the very term "revolutionary film" is almost an oxymoron. Film is an expensive art; private capital or government subsidy is not often forthcoming for work intended to upset the status quo. With a few exceptions, the famous so-called revolutionary films are not insurrectional, they celebrate revolutions already made: e.g., the work of Eisenstein, Pudovkin, Vertov, Riefenstahl, Jancsò.) *Reds* is not politically revolutionary, it's about two people caught up in revolutionary politics. It doesn't even ask, let alone answer, basic radical political questions.

But if no one will learn much about politics from this film, Beatty has nonetheless put the fire of two burning lives in it. There is plenty in it about the risks that commitment entails, but it is about commitment. Under the closing credits, one of the Witnesses says: " 'Grand things are ahead, worth living and dying for'—he always said that." It's not necessary to believe those words completely in order to be moved by them, to want to be moved by them. That's something.

CHARLES MICHENER ON PHOTOGRAPHY

Holiday Roundup: A Platonic Erotomaniac And Others

It's not quite front-page material, but the most interesting news about this year's photography books is that the all-powerful Pooh-Bah in such matters, the Museum of Modern Art, may be of two minds about what, exactly, is the proper business of photography. To march shoulder to shoulder with modern art, implies assistant curator Peter Galassi in *Before Photography: Painting and the Invention of Photography* (Museum of Modern Art, $22.50, $10 paper, distributed by New York Graphic Society). In this catalog for a brilliant exhibition he organized at the museum this year, Galassi persuasively argues that "photography was not a bastard left by science on the doorstep of art, but a legitimate child of the Western pictorial tradition." Long before Daguerre's invention was publicly announced in 1839, he writes, painters had begun to challenge the old rules of linear perspective, which implied an ideal order of nature and served a general moral view. Galassi discovered that much of what photography is supposed to have ushered in—fragmentary vision, attention to the contingent, impermanent aspects of reality—had been there for some time in painting, especially in landscape sketches of the late 18th and early 19th centuries. He concludes: "Like the landscape sketchers but on a much broader scale, the photographers had a mandate to seek the specific and provisional [in nature] in place of the general and didactic!"

And yet was the old order so easily swept away? Have modern photographers completely renounced a concern for "the general and didactic"? Wasn't the greatest modern photographer himself, Eugene Atget, a bit of a reactionary? This, in more gingerly terms, is the provocative suggestion of Galassi's boss at MOMA, director of photography John Szarkowski, in *The Work of Atget: Old France, Volume I* (Museum of Modern Art, $40, distributed by New York Graphic Society). For all the "profoundly modern" aspects of Atget's images—"which express not the final order of stasis, but the vital order of equilibrium"—he was "almost old-fashioned," writes Szarkowski, in his "implicit confidence in the continuity and authority of culture." And it was to describe that culture, French culture, that Atget directed his art. Which prompts archmodernist Szarkowski to proffer, somewhat guiltily, this heretical piece of advice about the photographer's calling: "For the longer run, for the years

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

after a new talent has first displayed its unique, pubescent charm, then intelligence, knowledge, and dedication to an idea larger than self-expression may be useful."

"An idea larger than self-expression" and its natural concomitant—an air of modesty—distinguish the season's best photography books. Of the many more books distinguished by opposite qualities—self-indulgence and self-importance—two and a half are worth noting. In *Photographs* by Elliott McDowell (David R. Godine, $30) he shows a nice eye for the whimsical tendency of people to become part of their decor, for the fine line between kitsch and mythology, and he has been handsomely served by Godine's reproduction and design. But everything is a bit forced; you don't *believe* these images for a minute.

Credibility is not the problem with *Objects* by John Gruen (Knopf, $74.50), an even more splendidly printed album by a master craftsman who finds an astonishing rainbow of hues in black-and-white still lifes of old housewares—coffeepots, whisk brooms, graters, sponges. Gruen is photography's answer to the realist painter William Bailey and he shares the same failing—an excess of gravity applied to the humdrum, like the Mormon Tabernacle Choir singing "Jingle Bells."

The "half" a sinner is a book that is probably indispensable to followers of the *Zeitgeist*, *The New Color Photography* by Sally Eauclaire (Abbeville, $39.95 cloth, $24.95 paper). This is the lavishly printed catalog to a traveling exhibit that tries to bring some sense to the most bewildering of recent photographic trends—the rise of a medium, once scorned as the province of amateurs and advertisers, to the aspirations of Art. Ms. Eauclaire, a freelance curator, is an obviously bright, ambitious housecleaner. She is in love with labels that come slightly unstuck when looked at too closely; "The Vivid Vernacular" and "Fabricated Fictions," for example, are two of her chapter titles. She is irrepressible at quoting everyone from William James to the *Village Voice* ("the huge patches of delicate, diffuse and subtle color spread out in his skies as slowly and sweetly as the tunes in Schubert andantes"); and she is positively brilliant in her gift for fatuity: "Jo Ann Callis draws on two of the most emotionally sensitive areas of the human psyche: sex and death." Many of her photographers seem equally bedazzled by their new license to paint up the town of well-worn American banalities: never was an ordinary farm fence so orange or a sky so blue as in a Michael Bishop contribution to the "Self-Reflections" section. For all the labeling, much of the razzle-dazzle does not achieve photography's primary goal—to make seen what was previously unseen.

PHOTOGRAPH BY FENNO JACOBS FROM 'STEICHEN AT WAR'

Nonetheless, the book allows some very good work to stand out in relief: at one end, the marvelous street theater of veteran Helen Levitt, who views New York graffiti with Pollock-like delicacy; at the other, the quietly apocalyptic vistas of Joel Sternfeld, who looks at startling events—a burning house, beached whales—from a cool, meditative distance. Two of the color movement's most widely praised flag bearers, William Eggleston and Jan Groover, hold up very well: he, for his rigorously composed snapshots of the transformed American frontier—a charcoal grill at the foot of a driveway, a suburban street that marks the end of "town"; she, for her nearly abstract studies of light as it plays on a variety of hot and cold colors and surfaces—silverware, plants, a glass bowl. Unlike most of their colleagues, Levitt, Sternfeld, Eggleston, and Groove have genuine visions of life, not merely of color photography: they exploit the medium, it does not exploit them.

And so, in his much more modest way, does Malcolm Kirk, a commercial photographer whose *Man as Art: New Guinea* (Viking, $45) is surely the season's most spectacular photographic document—color photography in the service of showing the extravagant self-decoration of men and women in tribal New Guinea. Anthropologist Andrew Strathern discusses the social, sexual, and spiritual reasons for the ceremonial, kaleidoscopic, face-painting and the donning of feathers, scarab beetles, blue mud, and boars' tusks, but this is a book of fathomless mystery that far transcends the *National Geographic* genre, for in every picture, behind the finery, Kirk's camera has captured the glimmer of an individual personality.

Two books of landscapes are surprising in their modesty. We expect 19th-century vistas of the American West to be grandiose and awesome, but Timothy O'Sullivan, a Civil War photographer who joined a geological expedition of the 40th Parallel in 1867, had the "modern" notion of documenting the Great Outdoors as it was being slowly but steadily advanced upon by civilization. In *American Frontiers: Photographs of Timothy H. O'Sullivan* (Philadelphia Museum of Art, $35, distributed by Aperture), the "sublime" is almost always brought into sharp perspective by a lone horse and wagon trekking through the sagebrush, or a huddle of all but invisible dwellings

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

under a massive mountain range. It is not just the vistas that stun, it's the tension that arises in these pictures from a double-edged question: which is more precarious, the pioneer or the wilderness? And it's a tension that's almost entirely missing from the present-day, inflated beauties of some of the same settings as photographed by Ansel Adams.

In *Robert Rauschenberg: Photographs* (Pantheon, $30), the artist says that he draws no line between photography and painting; nonetheless, the act of picture-taking seems for Rauschenberg akin to an athlete working out or a writer taking notes: "It forces me to be in direct contact, intimately, unprotected, in an ambiguous outside world and therefore improve my sight. Also, it gives me a stockpile of both experiences and literal images to draw on for other works." In the first part of this first collection of Rauschenberg's purely photographic work, pictures taken between 1949 and 1965, the images are like sketches—done in a variety of styles—light studies, mood pieces of friends, odd passing scenes. But in the second part, a powerful, consistent photographic sensibility emerges. In 1979-1980, Rauschenberg took a trip down the East Coast and compiled a remarkable photographic diary of whatever, it seems, caught his wandering but highly graphic eye: flags, novelty-shop windows, street lamps, puddles, clotheslines, bits of architecture. The echoes of similar photographic journeys are insistent—of Walker Evans, Robert Frank, Lee Friedlander. But Rauschenberg's images are his own: somehow, he sidesteps all the traps of walking through such familiar territory—of social satire, glib humor, easy abstraction. Unlike Frank, for example, he seems utterly unconcerned with photography as statement; instead, he seizes us by the intensity of his curiosity. These are pictures that speculate on how—not why—America looks the way it does. When Rauschenberg spots a bust of Michelangelo's David above a dry cleaner's establishment in Boston, it's not something he finds funny or "telling": the statue merely seems, interestingly, to belong.

'TOUR EIFFEL' BY MARC RIBOUD FROM 'PARIS/MAGNUM: PHOTOGRAPHS 1933-1981'

Photojournalists like to think of themselves as entirely self-effacing. Four books belie this claim. *Paris/Magnum: Photographs 1933-1981* (Aperture, $30) is a superlative record of the famous photo agency's long love affair with a city. Paris has a tendency to turn picturesque before even the steeliest of eyes, but this is a collection of remarkable variety—from the bittersweet vignettes of Cartier-Bresson to Marc Riboud's sense of Paris as a street carnival to Charles Harbutt's view of the City of Light as a city of alienation. Self-effacement may characterize many of the news photographers in *Eyewitness: 25 Years Through World Press Photos* (Morrow, $19.95), but not Harold Evans, editor of the *Times* of London, who assembled this year-by-year chronicle of the last quarter-century as a horror chamber of almost unrelieved disasters, ranging from Bangladesh and Vietnam to Jimmy Carter's photogenic slip on an icy sidewalk.

W. Eugene Smith: Master of the Photographic Essay (Aperture, $39.50) is not the definitive representation of this most assertive of great photojournalists, but a useful index designed to illuminate one aspect of Smith—his powerful narrative gift. All the famous photo essays are here, as well as several turned down by *Life* magazine, in miniature scale—eight to ten pictures on a page. It's a strategy that brilliantly demonstrates Smith's ability to tell stories in highly charged, compressed imagery, but it also induces a certain eye fatigue.

Steichen at War, text by Christopher Phillips (Harry N. Abrams, $40), is a genuine curiosity to be absorbed in longer sittings—an unearthing of photographs of the U.S. Navy during World War II, taken by the Naval Aviation Photographic Unit, which was organized by Edward Steichen. It can be read on several levels—as a stirring series of action pictures, as evidence of photographic jingoism at its most skillful (Steichen was a superb editor), and as a war story that deepens into a drama of moral ambiguity. Photographer Fenno Jacobs provides the climax in an unforgettable picture taken in November 1944 on the battleship U.S.S. *New Jersey*: on deck, a Japanese prisoner of war squats naked before a pail of water and a bar of soap, bathing

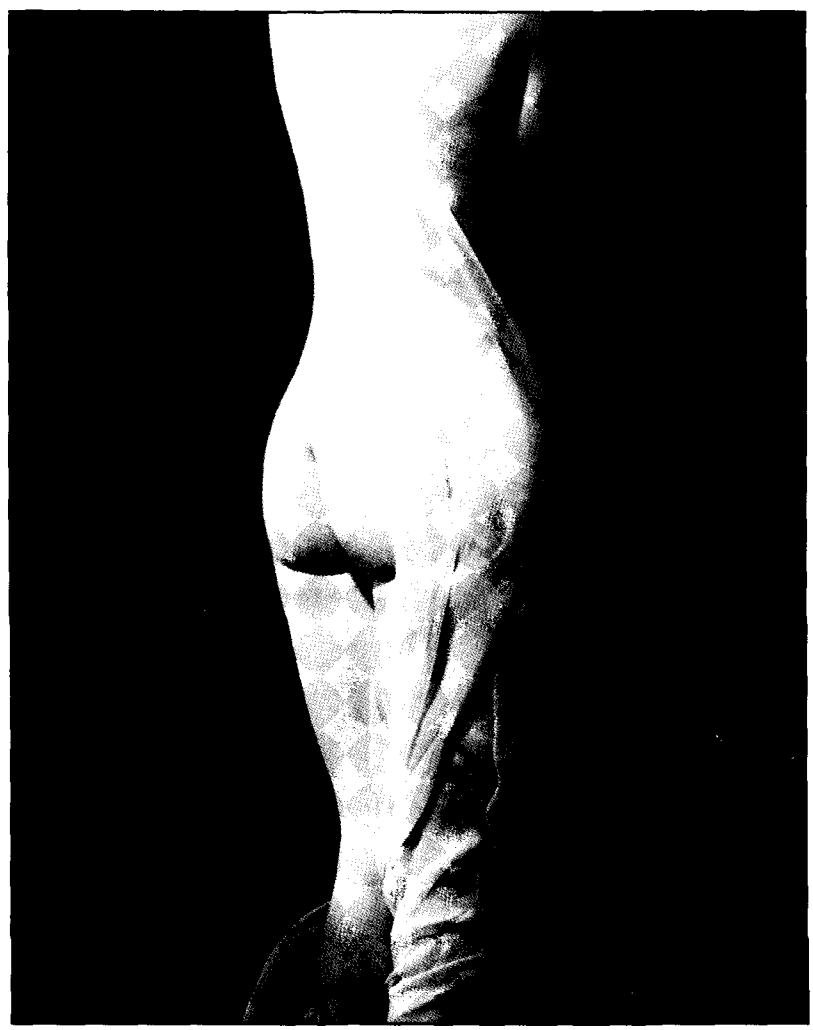
LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

himself, while the entire crew, officers and seamen, watch as though he had just arrived from Mars.

The romantic impulse has produced more photographic junk, perhaps, than any other, but four books achieve true romantic power through a sense of play. *Unseen Versailles: Photographs by Deborah Turberville* (Doubleday, $40) is a chilly ghost story told in high style. Louis Auchincloss has written a short, witty history of France as it swirled through Europe's most gilded seat of power (on Marie-Antoinette: "Had she had a public relations counsel, all might have been well."). Turberville, a *Vogue* fashion photographer who views the world as an elegant morgue, looks behind the gilt to memorialize a ruin. Her Versailles is not what the public sees, but shrouded bedchambers, broken statuary, and dusty back staircases, which she populates with models playing Madame de Pompidour, Madame du Barry, and other phantoms. Her strategy is the risky one of pastiche, but she brings it off: the pictures are deliberately torn, stained, and tinted to look like neglected old photographs found in a royal grandmother's trunk.

Ghosts figure prominently as well in small, exquisite collections by two old masters. In *From My Window* (New York Graphic Society, $24.95), André Kertész evokes a long and happy marriage with his late wife Elizabeth in still lifes poised, for the most part, on a window sill looking out on Manhattan from his apartment in Washington Square. Taken with a Polaroid SX-70 camera three years ago when Kertész was 84, these pictures tell a mysterious love story in soft, liquid colors that play on a feminine glass statue whose head and shoulders reminded Kertész of Elizabeth's. Jacques Henri Lartigue must have been born with nostalgia for fleeting beauty. *The Autochromes of J. H. Lartigue, 1912-1927* (Viking, $35) is an album of cultivated French landscapes and informal pictures of friends, family, and, most of all, Lartigue's first wife, Bibi, in settings of elegant gaiety and repose. They were made by an early four-color process that gives a pointillist effect to these visions of an insouciant son of Corot.

The late Erwin Blumenfeld was a romantic with two fixations—Woman and the stylistic possibilities of photography. A Berliner by birth (1897), a youthful Dadaist, a hugely successful commercial photographer in the post-World War II years in New York for *Look*, *Life*, *Harper's Bazaar*, and *Vogue*, he spent his entire professional life selecting the pictures in *Blumenfeld: My Hundred Best Photos* (Rizzoli, $30). He tried everything, stylistically and technically—solarization, multiple imagery, realism, surrealism, cityscapes, landscapes, architectural studies, portraits—yet the overall effect is of a single personality, rigorously, passionately at work. "I was born a platonic erotomaniac," he wrote of his childhood. "I took refuge in the eternally feminine. I gave myself entirely, resolutely, manfully, to what were to become the fetishes of my life—eyes, hair, breasts, mouth." A superb graphic sense and a sense of Woman as vanishing species lift this collection of "platonic erotomania" far above the fetishistic. The fullest expression of Blumenfeld's romanticism is in his pictures of three former artists' models in their old age: Carmen, who had posed for Rodin's "The Kiss," Toulouse-Lautrec's Yvette Guilbert, and Renoir's Gabrielle, whom he posed next to several earlier incarnations to show that her eternal mystery had only deepened with the passing of time.



'NUDE' BY EDWIN BLUMENFELD FROM 'BLUMENFELD'

And finally, Atget, whose historical sense of time as photography's great collaborator is more acute than any other's. Atget has been badly served in many previous books, which are now rendered obsolete by the Museum of Modern Art's first book in its projected four-volume series on the photographer. *The Work of Atget: Old France, Volume I* sets the standard against which all other photography books must be measured—for its fidelity of reproduction to the original photographs, for its cunning juxtaposition of pictures to show Atget's development from an artist of record to one of mysterious simplicity, and for its eloquent introduction. In it, Szarkowski pinpoints not only the secret of Atget's power but photography's proper place in the artistic scheme of things: "One might say that the mystery of Atget's work lies in the sense of plastic ease, fluidity, and responsiveness with which his personal perceptions seem to achieve perfect identity with objective fact." His "plastic ease" is not something that can be acquired. The lesson is in the profound modesty out of which he looked at the world.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Two Steps Forward, One Step Back

There Is a River: The Black Struggle for Freedom in America by Vincent Harding

(Harcourt Brace Jovanovich, 448 pp., $19.95)

Long Memory: The Black Experience in America by Mary F. Berry and John W. Blassingame

(Oxford University Press, 496 pp., $19.95, $10.95 paper)

These are difficult and discouraging times for Afro-Americans. A tide of conservative or "neoconservative" white opinion has arrested the progress toward racial equality that began in the 1950s and threatens to roll back some of the gains already made. The Reagan Administration has cut back on programs to relieve black poverty that were inadequate to begin with, and the Justice Department is switching sides on desegregation cases in an effort to take the government out of the business of enforcing integration. Affirmative action—an attempt to redress past inequities and counteract persistent patterns of prejudice and discrimination—is being rejected as a national policy in favor of a fictive "color-blindness" that will perpetuate white privileges and black disadvantages. Even before the Reaganite counterrevolution, the social and economic position of blacks had been deteriorating. In 1969, black families earned on the average 62 percent as much as white families; by 1979 their income was only 57 percent of the white norm. As a practical matter school desegregation has failed—more black children attend segregated schools now than in 1954, when separate education was supposedly outlawed by the Supreme Court.

Liberal whites are offering little resistance to these trends. The fight against racial discrimination has ceased to be a fashionable cause in comparison to environmentalism, opposition to nuclear power, and the struggle to maintain abortion rights. Worthy as these causes may be, one has to wonder whether they deserve priority over resisting the great waste of human resources and denial of basic human rights that results from current racial policies.

A natural byproduct of this indifference to the social and economic plight of blacks is a decline of popular interest in black culture and history. Even established and critically acclaimed black writers are now having difficulty finding publishers. Enrollments are down in many university courses in black history and race relations. White students, like their parents, apparently do not want to be reminded that the nation carries a historical burden of racial injustice and continues to have an unsolved race problem of major proportions. Some black students, still buoyed by the lingering promise of affirmative action, are too occupied with preparing for professional careers to dwell on the larger issues of group liberation. As a result, many of the black studies programs set up in the late 1960s and early 1970s now face a crisis of declining interest and enrollment.

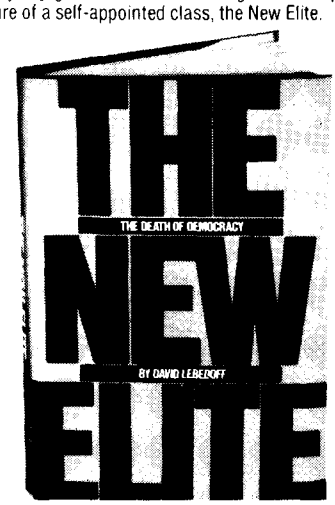
The two books under review are major efforts by Afro-American historians to counter this growing mood of indifference by reaffirming the necessity of a black perspective on the American experience. Because good historical writing takes a long time to germinate, these works are also among the first important surveys or general assessments of black history to be written by younger scholars whose basic attitudes were formed during the era of black protest and militancy that ended in the early 1970s. Some of the anger and advocacy of the 1960s survives in their writing, and white readers may find this jarring and out-of-date.

But such books need to be read now more than ever. By recording in merciless detail the oppressions blacks have suffered and how they have struggled against them, these books remind us of aspects of our past that are again in danger of being forgotten or ignored. Some whites, including many liberals, may be put off by evidence of what they take to be "inverse racism"; for there are few if any white heroes or black villains in these pages. Examples of exaggeration or unfairness can be found and should be pointed out. But these works are deeply researched and generally careful with facts. As examples of serious Afro-American scholarship, they can teach us much about what it has meant—and still means—to be black in America.

Vincent Harding's *There Is a River* is open and fervent in its affirmation of revolutionary black nationalism. Besides being a historian, Harding has had a notable career as a radical activist; he is quoted by Berry and Blassingame in *Long Memory* as an advocate of retaliatory violence against whites during the 1960s. Not surprisingly, therefore, he is writing a history of "the black struggle for freedom" that stresses direct confrontation and active resistance. *There Is a River* is the first volume of a projected trilogy on black radicalism, and it carries the story up to 1865. The main focus is on slave rebellions and the use of force by Northern blacks to prevent enforcement of fugitive slave laws. At least one notable rebel is rescued from obscurity—Bob Ferebee, leader of a band of fugitive slaves that apparently carried on a kind of guerrilla warfare in

David Lebedoff's new book reveals who is undercutting our democracy.

He shows how America's basic tradition of a majority government is crumbling under the pressure of a self-appointed class, the New Elite.



He identifies the New Elite, tells why they acquire power, and how they misuse it. Ben Wattenberg says: "David Lebedoff has written a wise book about what is happening in America today.... It was well worth waiting for."

At bookstores $11.95
FRANKLIN WATTS, INC.
A GROLIER COMPANY
730 Fifth Avenue, New York

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Virginia during the 1820s.

As a black separatist, Harding is critical of Afro-Americans who allied themselves with the mid-19th century equivalent of the "white liberals" of the 1960s. From his perspective, those who followed the lead of white abolitionists and radical Republicans were subordinating the cause of black liberation to the imperatives of an American nationalism that offered little or nothing to blacks. He even argues that the identification of blacks with the Union cause during the Civil War was misguided and ideologically debilitating because it obscured the need for self-determination and raised false hopes for equality within the structure of American society.

There Is a River has all the eloquence and excitement of partisan, nationalistic history at its best. Nat Turner, Denmark Vesey, David Walker, and other heroes of the anti-slavery resistance movement come alive as never before, and fair-minded readers will empathize with their anger and passion. But the limitations of this kind of history are also apparent. Viewing the past as a record of exemplary heroism inevitably inhibits full consideration of the more mundane aspects of human experience. Slave revolts occurred and are worthy of study—but why were there so few of them in the Old South in comparison to some other slave societies? Harding not only fails to probe this question but does not even acknowledge its existence. He concedes that most slaves did not openly defy their masters, but he fails to pay sufficient attention to why they didn't and what their restraint might signify for historians of the black struggle. If the vast majority of slaves did not rebel it may have been because they had the sense to know that open resistance would be futile or even counterproductive. As several recent studies of the slave community have shown, most plantation slaves withstood the dehumanizing effects of slavery in a variety of subtle, undramatic, and nonviolent ways that, taken together, can be interpreted as passive resistance, or, at the very least, as psychic survivalism. Harding himself acknowledges at one point that "large numbers of black people" expressed their opposition to slavery not by direct action but by praying incessantly for freedom. But he nevertheless creates an impression that rebellions were frequent and that those slaves who did not actually take up arms were constantly on the verge of doing so.

"OH, OH, OH. In case you missed it, Miss Zerna Sharp, creator of Dick and Jane and See Spot Run, has passed away in Frankfort, Indiana, at 91. Dick and Jane. Taught kids. To speak. And think. In two. Or three. Word. Mon o syl lab ic. Sentences. For forty. -Five years. It seemed. Like a good. Idea at. The time. R.I.P."

For a free copy of the current issue of National Review, write to Dept. R-22. 150 East 35th Street, New York, New York 10016.

THE NOTION that most slaves were actual or potential revolutionaries strikes me as romantic and perfectionist. It in no way demeans Afro-American slaves to acknowledge that circumstances normally made them passive and moderate resisters rather than active and radical ones. The realities of white power and population were such that the pre-conditions for a successful revolt did not exist. It might even be argued that the relatively few actual rebels did more harm than good, at least in the short run, because their futile efforts brought increased repression and suffering to their fellow slaves who were coping with bondage and maintaining their sense of inner worth in more pragmatic and realistic ways.

Harding's criticism of free black leaders for allying themselves with liberal whites provides an even more obvious example of the kind of ideological perfectionism that ignores the complexity of historical reality. What alternative did they in fact have? The abolition of slavery could not possibly have been achieved by blacks acting alone. Despite their limitations and residual prejudices, white abolitionists were firmly committed to freeing blacks from chattel servitude. Failure to suport their efforts would have hampered the achievement of emancipation as a practical objective. Similarly, the rallying of blacks behind Lincoln and wartime republicanism can be viewed as a tactical necessity, and not, as Harding would have it, an ideological betrayal. The hard truth that Afro-American leaders have had to face over-and-over again in American history is that most whites can be induced to move against racial oppression—whether in the form of slavery or segregation—only when convinced that their own interests are served by such action. This was the case during the Civil War when preservation of the Union required the emancipation of slaves and their enlistment in the Northern army.

Harding is sensitive to the fact that wartime black leaders were on the horns of a dilemma:

> It was of course absolutely necessary to direct calls for action on behalf of black freedom to the white leaders of the nation. No less obvious was the fact that almost none of these men in Washington and elsewhere had ever in any way evidenced a deep concern for black rights and liberties in America.

The second sentence is hyperbolic and reflects Harding's stubborn refusal to admit that there were any whites who contributed significantly to the black struggle. He appears to have forgotten about Thaddeus Stevens, Charles Sumner, Wendell Phillips, and other radical leaders who gave every indication of being principled advocates of racial equality. (Elsewhere in the book even John Brown fails to pass muster as "an exemplary hero in the struggle for black freedom.") But it remains true that genuine humanitarians have never determined national policy on race issues and that politically effective coalitions requiring mass white support are unlikely in the long run to satisfy black aspirations. White commitment wanes when white objectives have been achieved. So it was after the Civil War when the radical Republicans failed to back up emancipation with enforceable guarantees of equal citizenship.

BUT THE alternative Harding proposes—racial separatism and self-sufficiency—has never yielded any concrete political or economic gains for blacks. Although psychologically liberating, it has always been politically barren. Black emigrationism, a movement Harding treats with sympathy, has been as much of a pipe dream as various white supremacist schemes to get rid of American blacks by colonizing them on some distant shore. The usual choice, therefore, is between partial and limited advances in coalition with ultimately unreliable whites or splendid and politically sterile isolation. Harding's criticism of blacks who served in the Union army seems particularly misguided. Without the contribution of nearly 200,000 black soldiers, it is conceivable that the North would have lost

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

the Civil War or that it would have agreed to a compromise peace involving the retention of slavery for an extended period. One consideration that prevented Lincoln from entertaining such peace proposals in 1864 was the fact that he could not imagine re-enslaving blacks who had already fought for the Union cause. If men like Martin Delaney (a prewar black emigrationist) had passed Harding's test of ideological purity and not "donned the military uniform of [their] white American betrayers," blacks might have had to wait much longer for their liberation from servitude.

Other Afro-American intellectuals recently have shown renewed interest in a third possible route to liberation—redefining of the struggle in class rather than race terms and building coalitions with other poor and disadvantaged Americans rather than with middle-class whites. Harding does not consider this option, perhaps because it was not much of a prospect in the period that he covers. In pre-Civil War America blacks and lower-class whites generally viewed each other with bitter enmity. But it will be interesting to see how he deals in future volumes with the various attempts that have been made since 1865 to create a working class movement that transcends racial lines.

In *Long Memory: The Black Experience in America*, Mary F. Berry and John Blassingame give ample and respectful attention to Marxist or class interpretations of Afro-American history. They even treat white Communist efforts on behalf of black rights during the 1930s with a degree of sympathy that such efforts don't usually receive. But these writers do not embrace a clear-cut ideological position. As an eclectic general survey of the black experience (apparently designed for use as a text in black history courses), their book does not push either a class or a nationalistic perspective but instead provides a full and fair-minded hearing for both points of view. The currently unfashionable alternative of liberal integrationism is not discussed as a doctrine or ideology, but its successes and failures are duly recorded.

Long Memory is a useful and intelligent synthesis of much recent scholarship on black history and race relations. In contrast to Harding, it does not place active resistance at the core of the black experience. Indeed, it might even be criticized for underplaying some of the more dramatic phases of black protest. Slave rebellions and the Southern Freedom Movement of the 1960s are treated briefly and almost perfunctorily. Nat Turner gets but a single line, and the nonviolent resistance campaign of the early 1960s is succinctly described in one paragraph. A large proportion of the book is devoted to cataloguing the main manifestations of racial discrimination in American history, and white racism is the most frequently recurring theme. It is surprising, given the current trend of scholarship, that we learn more about what blacks have been up against than about how they have responded or adapted. Black culture and the internal history of the black community are fully treated only in the context of slavery or as a legacy of the slave experience. Considerable attention is paid to black literature and intellectual history, but there is relatively little on how the masses of black people coped and survived after emancipation, and there are only isolated fragments concerning the day-to-day realities of ghetto life.

The overall impact of the book is depressing in the extreme, for it conveys an impression that the basic pat-

BEYOND INDUSTRIALIZATION
Ascendancy of the Global Service Economy
Ronald Kent Shelp, American International Group, Inc.
". . . AN IMPRESSIVE ANALYSIS. . .A MAJOR REFERENCE. . ."
". . . an impressive analysis of trade in services, likely to become a major reference work for trade negotiators. . ."
—**William Brock**, U.S. Trade Representative
256 pp., 1981, $26.95, 0-03-59304-2

THE POLITICS OF CRISIS REPORTING
Learning to be a Foreign Correspondent
John Crothers Pollock, Research & Forecasts, Inc.
". . . IN MY JUDGMENT . . ."
". . . should, in my judgment, be read carefully not only by editors, publishers, and journalists themselves, but also by U.S. diplomats and policy-makers . . . like it or not, journalism, as practiced in America, is in the end part of the essential policy-making process. . ."
—**Tad Szulc**, former foreign correspondent, The New York Times
240 pp., 1981, $24.95, 0-03-044336-9

CRITICAL ANALYSIS OF CURRENT ISSUES AND DIRECTIONS FOR CHANGE

PRAEGER PUBLISHERS
521 Fifth Avenue
New York, New York 10175

NICARAGUA IN REVOLUTION
edited by Thomas W. Walker, Ohio University
Based on field research and writing done specifically for this book by participants in the new revolutionary system which took shape after the overthrow of the Somoza family.
ca. 432 pp., 1981, $32.95, 0-03-057972-4
Text edition: *$14.95, 0-03-057971-6*

CHOICE OVER CHANCE
Economic and Energy Options for the Future
William F. Thompson, Philadelphia Electric, *et al.*
". . .designed to improve our understanding of the future, and to clarify both the choices we must consider and the contingencies we cannot control but for which we must plan."
—From the Foreword by **Kenneth Boulding**
Presents the results of a major policy study made under the sponsorship of the Edison Electric Institute.
304 pp., 1981, $27.95, 0-03-059554-1
Text edition: *$8.95, 0-03-059556-8*

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

tern of race relations has undergone little or no change during the entire course of American history. What we are left with is three centuries of brutal white oppression and unavailing black protest. This impression is reinforced by the strictly topical arrangement of the material. One chapter, for example, tells the story of black military service from the French and Indian War to Vietnam, and concludes with the sweeping statement that

> the general pattern of black service from the colonial period to the 1970s was a refusal by whites to use blacks unless it was perceived necessary to victory, minimum concessions toward favorable treatment during a crisis, and a retreat to outright oppression thereafter.

THE ADOPTION of a topical rather than a chronological organization strikes me as unfortunate, because it obscures the historical drama and significance of the great turning points in Afro-American history. The Civil War and Reconstruction did make a difference, and so did the civil rights breakthrough of the 1960s. But the failure to treat such episodes holistically, or in separate chapters, allows their full meaning to escape. Admittedly, emancipation and the overthrow of legalized segregation did not bring about racial equality or fraternity in American society. Indeed, all the gains that blacks have ever made have been precarious and subject to erosion. But I remain convinced that there has been some irreversible progress in the struggle for racial equality. This painfully irregular and spasmodic advance has followed a kind of two-steps-forward-one-step-backward pattern.

After the Revolution, Northern slaves were emancipated, but Southern slavery became more deeply entrenched; as a result of the Civil War slavery was abolished throughout the United States, but failure to enforce the 14th and 15th Amendments led to segregation and the denial of political rights in the South; the civil rights movement of the 1960s provided a firmer foundation for the basic political and legal equality of blacks, but it failed to address their economic grievances and de facto inequality of opportunity. In each case, real and permanent gains were made; as a result of the latest transformation, legalized Jim Crow and wholesale disfranchisement are probably as dead now as chattel slavery was after the Civil War.

What has happened up to now does not—and should not—satisfy the legitimate demands of blacks for full equality. But if the pattern persists, and a new freedom movement devoted to economic liberation can be mounted—perhaps in coalition with other disadvantaged and exploited groups—who is to say that it will not eventually succeed in taking that final step? Of course this step might be the most difficult of all, because it may require a fundamental reorganization of the current economic system. Vincent Harding, for one, refuses to accept the current mood of pessimism and despair among blacks and views the decade of the 1980s as "a time of hope." Berry and Blassingame make no predictions, but their analysis offers little reason for hope—perhaps too little. In their chilling, well-documented, and generally persuasive account of the persistance of racial injustice in contemporary America, they occasionally go too far. Their analogy between the extension of family planning to poor blacks and the beginnings of genocide in Nazi Germany strikes me as extremely farfetched. The involuntary sterilization of some black women has occurred, but such atrocities have been exposed and apparently stopped.

Besides making change and progress less palpable than they should be, the topical organization of *Long Memory* creates other problems. It does not allow for an adequate exploration of the larger historical context. We learn too little about general developments in American society that deeply affected the lives of blacks in particular periods, such as the industrialization and urbanization of the late-19th and early-20th centuries. Furthermore, the topical scheme makes it difficult to see the interrelationships of various aspects of the black experience. As a result of all these limitations, *Long Memory* is more an encyclopedia of the black experience than a genuine history of it. It will be an invaluable resource for students of the Afro-American past, but it does not deserve to displace the updated versions of the older, chronologically organized surveys, such as *From Slavery to Freedom* by John Hope Franklin and *From Plantation to Ghetto* by August Meier and Elliott Rudwick—books which convey in their very titles a sense of black history as process and transformation.

GEORGE M. FREDRICKSON

George M. Fredrickson teaches history at Northwestern University and is the author recently of *White Supremacy: A Comparative Study of American and South African History* (Oxford University Press).

THE PARTY OF THE NICEST PEOPLE

Face the Future
by David Owen

(Praeger, 352 pp., $24.95, $9.95 paper)

Politics is for People
by Shirley Williams

(Harvard University Press, 224 pp., $12.95)

The new Social Democratic Party in Britain—the SDP—has got off to a fast and promising start. It is almost nine months since it was launched on March 26, and already it is jostling both the ruling Conservatives and the Labour Party in the polls. And with Shirley Williams's upset victory in the solid conservative constituency of Crosby, it has just elected its first member of parliament.

No doubt about it: the Social Democrats have won a historic opportunity to change British politics and end a depressing era of increasingly angry and sterile polarization between the ideologues of left and right. It is hard not to wish the SDP well, and I do. Each of the two major parties is now locked into bitter internal divisions of its own. Each is increasingly bossed by extremists, and obsessed by dogmas that offer

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

little practical hope of solving the country's manifestly deep and dangerous difficulties.

Three questions have to be asked. Will the Social Democrats succeed in using this opportunity to win power to affect the destinies of the country? What precisely do they mean to do if they do get that opportunity? Will the practical effect of their exciting eruption on the British political scene be what they want it to be?

Between the rigid alternatives now presented by the Labour and the Conservative Parties, the SDP must find a path to power. In simple terms, the idea is that, in alliance with the Liberal Party, it should set out to capture both those moderate Labour supporters who reject the left's socialist and neutralist policies, and those moderate conservatives who cannot swallow Thatcher's divisive and callous economic puritanism.

IT IS A paradox that although hundreds of thousands, perhaps millions, of people in Britain are in rebellion against the politics of the parties and yearn for the chance of voting for some alternative, when that chance did come, it was created by four professional politicians, all of them until recently members of the inner circle of the Labour Party.

Roy Jenkins quit British politics in disillusion in 1977 when he became president of the European Economic Community. Before that, as Chancellor of the Exchequer and Home Secretary, he had held two of the three highest jobs below the prime ministership. David Owen was one of the youngest foreign secretaries in Britain. Shirley Williams and Bill Rodgers were both capable and popular ministers in the Wilson and Callaghan governments, Williams secretary for education and Rodgers for transport. The whole saga of how they broke with the Labour Party boils down to one simple fact. All four quit because they could not accept the left's policies, or the left's insistence that Labour members of Parliament must follow a party line laid down by the left-dominated party conference.

So everyone knew what the SDP was against. It was less clear precisely what the party was for. It began by issuing statements of policy so vague that, in the words of a sympathetic historian of its beginnings, "they border on the platitudinous." These lengthy statements of personal belief by two of the party's four leaders, therefore, while they are not official definitions of party policy, are of great interest and importance.

THEY were written in very different circumstances. David Owen's book, which has been shortened in the U.S. edition from its original 550 pages to under half that length, was written before he left the Labour Party. It is an attempt to restate his personal political creed, and also to hold up a standard to which moderates could rally in order to save the party from being taken over by the left. Almost before the book was out, Owen himself had left the party.

Shirley Williams, on the other hand, lost her seat in Parliament in 1979 and retired to the Kennedy Institute at Harvard to reconsider the fury of British party politics with the perspective lent by distance and detachment. On form, you might expect Williams to produce the better book. She is an intellectual of the intellectuals, by inheritance and environment; daughter of the writer Vera Britain and of an academic political scientist, George Catlin, she was married to the philosopher Bernard Williams and studied politics at Oxford and Columbia. David Owen, by contrast, was a doctor of medicine before he entered politics; his academic studies were in neurology.

Yet Owen has produced the more convincing and impressive book. Williams skates over too large a territory in too brief a compass, moving from a broad (and perceptive) overview of the decline of welfare democracy and the arrival of the post-Keynesian world, to selectively detailed incursions into British partisan debate. The scale of the work has not been clearly seen, nor has its tone of voice, nor indeed its accent. At times Williams writes as a partisan British politician, at others she has become the lofty mid-Atlantic thinker, explaining the provincial peculiarities of British life, and translating the lingo, as if she was aiming primarily at an American readership. The overall impression is of good sense and a good heart, but a muddled mind and no sense of relative priorities.

Owen, like Williams, deals topic by topic with the more urgent concerns of contemporary British politics. But he has succeeded better than she has in giving his manifesto the stride and swing of a real book, with an argument, a tone of voice, and a point of view.

On many of the particular issues they discuss, they agree, though Owen, as former Foreign Secretary, understandably deals far more fully with foreign policy, and Williams, as a former Education Minister, goes into some detail about education policy. She is enthusiastic, though more than a little naive, about education in the U.S. Significantly, though, Owen dislikes private education (and private medicine) and says that he would neither send his children to a private school nor pay a fee for medical service, he also rejects the idea of forbidding private schools or private medical practice by law on the grounds that the state should not interfere with people's right to spend their money as they wish. Williams, in many of her instincts more conservative than Owen, is also more authoritarian; she has no qualms about shutting private schools down by law.

That example illustrates a way in which these two colleagues stand in deeply distinct traditions. Owen begins his book with a reflection on the historical doctrines and values of social democracy. At the heart of the tradition, for him, is a "decentralist" conception of democracy and of socialism. He opposes this both to the corporatist tendencies in Britain, as exemplified by the tendency of the great interest groups to work with the Whitehall bureaucracy to get what they want in defiance of party and Parliament, and to the authoritarian tradition in the Labour Party itself.

Owen points out that, while socialism in Britain for the past 50 years has meant setting up giant state corporations—like the National Coal Board, or the monopolies in transportation, utilities, and steel—in the beginning the socialist movement was divided between the advocates of nationalization and the libertarian champions of decentralized workers' control. Williams, on the contrary, perhaps unconsciously, is an instinctive centralist and authoritarian. Intellectually she can understand that the orthodoxy of Keynes and the

Note To Our Readers

Robin W. Winks's *Modus Operandi: An Excursion into Detective Fiction* has just been published by David R. Godine.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

New Deal of Labour's 1945 welfare and nationalization policies, is dead; instinctively she hankers after it. Williams, for all her desire to open politics to "people," reads like an instinctive elitist; Owen, for all his lovely manner, reads like a politician who actually does trust the people.

Both agree that Britain's problems will not be solved without institutional and constitutional reform. Williams starts out by saying that "Britain's problems are largely institutional," but by page 171 she is putting down "monetarists, Marxists, utopians, ecologists, authoritarians, and anarchists" for not realizing that, to the contrary, our goals have proved elusive because of a "massive change in external circumstances."

The only truly erratic section in David Owen's book is his treatment of the House of Lords. He wants it turned into a Second Chamber, which is quite right, but then he becomes remarkably confused. Some of its members would be elected, some would be appointed by virtue of their (corporatist) "important posts in public life." The whole thing would be linked in a complex, and surely unworkable, manner with two separate degrees of devolution, one to Scotland, Wales, and (presumably) Northern Ireland, the other to the English regions.

There is one crucial constitutional reform which Owen accepts and Williams does not even mention, but on which in practice their party's future will depend. The key to any practical strategy for the alliance between the Social Democrats and the Liberals is the abolition of the existing British first-past-the-post single-constituency electoral system, and its replacement by a system of proportional representation like those in force in Ireland and West Germany.

FOR YEARS the Liberal Party has watched something close to 20 percent of the popular vote shortchanged into fewer than a dozen of the 635 seats in the House of Commons. It therefore insists on proportional representation as an essential part of its electoral bargain with the SDP. And in fact the SDP is unlikely to win power unless Britain does go over to that system.

The Labour vote is heavily concentrated in cities and industrial districts which are almost impregnable to marginal swings. The result is that, in order to oust Labour and win power, it is by no means enough under the present British electoral system for the SDP, or the SDP and the Liberals combined, to win more than one-third of the vote. If that happened, according to one calculation, Labour would win 253 seats in Parliament in England (plus some in Scotland and Wales); the Conservatives would win 207; and the third party, just 56. Similar calculations for the different circumstances of the SDP or an alliance between SDP and liberals standing as the third party give similarly lopsided results.

A further consequence of this Gilbert and Sullivan arithmetic is that the SDP, formed chiefly by former Labour politicians, is in fact more likely to replace the Conservative party than Labour. This is no mere quirk of electoral arithmetic. Survey data suggest that SDP supporters and even many party members are far more conservative than their leaders, and certainly more conservative than the party's rhetoric about radical change would suggest. People *join* the SDP, not because they really want radical change, it seems, but because they think that unless they are seen to be offering fairly radical change, they will not offer a sufficiently tempting alternative to Labour. People *vote* for the Social Democrats, on this interpretation, in part because they think the Conservative Party has gone so far off the rails that it has no hope of stopping Labour.

THE TRUTH is that the decline of Labour has been so swift, and the failure of the Conservative Party so total, that the SDP arrives on the scene at a moment when it is all but impossible to predict what will happen. It is *possible* that the Social Democrats are right, and that they will win enough seats in the House of Commons, in alliance with the Liberals, to force constitutional change to proportional representation, at which point the two major parties will be exposed for the minority conspiracies Social Democratic journalists like to portray them as.

It is possible. But other scenarios seem more likely. Here, then, at long last, is a tentative attempt to answer those three questions I started with:

1.) The Social Democrats will win a big popular vote in the next general election, say, more than the Liberals have won since 1945, but less than the SDP's current poll poll ratings; perhaps between 25 percent and 35 percent. That will not be enough, given the electoral system, to give them enough seats in the House of Commons to form a government. It will certainly not enable them to force through proportional representation, which would be a death warrant for the existing parties.

2.) They do not know what they want to do in the government, nor, as these two books suggests, will they find it easy to agree on a coherent program once they have to reckon with interests rather than with ideas. The one thing on which they all do agree, is that they want to stop a left-wing Socialist government taking power in Britain.

3.) If the party does not melt away, as other nascent third parties have in British political history, its destiny may

IN ORDER TO BE HAPPY, I GET DEPRESSED

If things were really hopeless, I'd relax
instead of wandering around the house
and thinking, What was I supposed to do
today, or any other day I've lived?
Of *course* we are not poetry—one's wife
and friends, we know them too well for that; the self
one simply breathes, until the air runs out.
And what does the window hold? The light, that loves us
too impartially; the birds, adrift
where I would fall, and headed somewhere neither
fated nor chosen; trees the sun has pulled
from seeds those birds might eat, their shelter now.
Having nothing to add, I get to work.

PAUL BRESLIN

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

be one that is profoundly contrary to its founders' intentions. They want it to replace Labour as a radical alternative to the Conservatives. It may replace the Conservatives as a barrier to Labour.

I hope I am wrong. I fear I am right. The SDP is the party of the nicest people. So by all means read these two serious and intelligent books. But don't be in a hurry to believe that you are reading the manifesto of a future Social Democratic prime minister of Britain.

GODFREY HODGSON

Godfrey Hodgson is the author of *All Things to All Men: The False Promise of the American Presidency* (Simon & Schuster).

BRIEF REVIEW

Selected Letters of Raymond Chandler edited by Frank MacShane

(Columbia University Press, 616 pp., $19.95)

These letters are cynical, witty, tough-minded, and idealistic. The disciple of Dashiell Hammett and creator of the detective Philip Marlowe, an "alcoholic vulgarian who never sleeps with his clients while on duty," Raymond Chandler was educated in the classics at Dulwich College near London. He was deeply concerned with style and bitterly resented the interference of editorial hirelings. He fulfilled his ambition of carrying the dramatic, even melodramatic, novel, written in a vivid, pungent American vernacular, into the realm of art.

The most interesting views in these letters are Chandler's reflections on screenwriting and the morality of Hollywood. Chandler, who wrote the screenplays for *The Blue Dahlia* and *Double Indemnity* and had his own novel, *The Big Sleep*, transformed by William Faulkner into an excellent Bogart-Bacall film, believed that everything had to be sharpened for the screen; that "thinking in terms of ideas destroys the power to think in terms of emotions and sensations"; and that "the best mystery writers are those whose perceptiveness does not out-range their material." "If my books had been any worse," he observed, "I should not have been invited to Hollywood, and if they had been any better, I should not have come." Chandler thought Hollywood was a golden graveyard that drained off and destroyed writing talent, corrupted decency with luxury, degraded idealism, and sold out to McCarthyism by expelling suspected Communists from the industry. His sardonic comments show the absurdity of studying Hollywood films as high art.

Chandler is also an unerringly perceptive critic of writers who sacrificed too much humanity for too little art. Edith Wharton is "a sort of road company Henry James"; Gertrude Stein has a "reputation that depends less on what she did than on what the intellectuals said about her"; John Marquand irritates by his very competence: "A man has no right to write that well and in the end say so little." James Agee's *A Death in the Family* is "a perfect piece of pretentious and overstrained writing." Chandler described his Anglo-American character as "an unbecoming mixture of outer diffidence and inward arrogance," and wryly regretted that he lacked the stamina to sustain his pugnacious temperament. He adored his elderly, invalid wife and was shattered by her death—which inspired a sentimental but poignant letter and a wonderfully objective account of his semi-serious suicide attempt: "a cheap dramatic performance."

The letters, especially those written during Chandler's last years of alcohol and isolation, were a release from loneliness. He wrote mainly to rather dull business associates like his publisher Hamish Hamilton. His most formal and respectful letters were to symbolic figures in art and crime: Somerset Maugham and Lucky Luciano. He lacked the reflective insight of Henry James and the dashing vitality of Scott Fitzgerald. But his biographer and editor, Frank MacShane (who provides sparse but informative annotations), rightly claims him as "one of the finest letter-writers in American literature."

JEFFREY MEYERS

Jeffrey Meyers has written several books on T. E. Lawrence and George Orwell and biographies of Katherine Mansfield and Wyndham Lewis.

TRB, *from page 4*

time later, and the congressional leaders made an appearance too. It was like a stage, there on the portico. We knew that an era was ending, but couldn't figure what came next. Word came that the President would address Congress tomorrow. He was to declare war.

In 1941 America's median income was $1,070: that means as many people got an income under that amount as over it. There had been Herbert Hoover's Great Depression and now there was FDR's New Deal, and the government accepted responsibility for looking after the economy and the poor. Roosevelt had brought control of government back from Wall Street to Washington, but there was an extraordinary gap between rich and poor: one half of 1 percent of the people at the top, according to one current survey, got as much income as the whole third of the people at the bottom. A migratory farm family got $1.50 for chopping cotton for a 14-hour day. There were now 1,500,000 tractors in the country and somebody figured that each one had pushed a family off a farm. These were random reflections as we stood on the White House portico, watching the moon rise, watching the little crowd behind the distant fence watching us, and wondering what this new world would be like.

Then came a moment of high drama. Isolationist Hiram Johnson stalked across our little stage, immaculately dressed, grim-faced and silent. Behind him trooped the ghosts of all the others who believed they could keep the United States virginal and holy and isolated. (One of them, Borah, was now dead). The Senator looked straight ahead; we were too awed to ask questions. A flunky threw open the doors; exit Hiram Johnson.

Beyond the White House fence the last of the crowd lifted up their voices around 11:25 and sang, "God Bless America." They did not sing very well; I wiped my eyes.

No, I shall never forget Pearl Harbor, 40 years ago. We won the struggle, of course; the time since then has been the longest period in the century without a world war. Who would drop a Pearl Harbor bomb today! True, nations are making nuclear bombs like mad. Everybody knows that if we keep on making them, sooner or later one will be used. Yes, we know that, but we don't believe it.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

THE NEW REPUBLIC CLASSIFIEDS

THE NEW REPUBLIC CLASSIFIEDS IS A WEEKLY FEATURE. Ads are accepted at the discretion of the publisher. Rates: one time ad $1/word, six ads per year $.95/word, 12 ads per year $.90/word, 24 times per year $.85/word, 48 times per year $.80/word. Telephone numbers count as 2 words. P.O. numbers and abbreviations count as one word. Zone numbers and zip codes are not counted. Additional $4.50 for TNR box numbers. Classified display ads are $30/inch. Bold headline, signature, and inset available. Complete rate card upon request. Send your check/money order with your copy, or give us your VISA/MasterCard # and we'll charge it to your account. Copy must be received 19 days prior to the Wednesday issue date. Phone orders accepted with VISA/MasterCard only. Send copy or call collect: Theresa Miller, The New Republic Magazine, 1220 19th St., N.W., Washington, DC 20036. (202) 331-7494

Arts/Crafts

JAPANESE WOODBLOCK PRINT REPRODUCTIONS. Masterpieces by Utamaro, Hokusai, Hiroshige, etc. New catalogue illustrated 600 subjects. $10.00 (seamail). No wholesale available. Adachi Institute of Woodcut Prints, CPO Box 362, Tokyo, Japan.

Astrology

REVEREND PHYLLIS MICHELE
Psychic Consultant
PAST PRESENT FUTURE
ASTROLOGY TAROT PSYCHOMETRY
3 Questions-$10, Send Self-addressed stamped envelope, (include birthdate): 1850 N.E. 207 St., Miami, Fla. 33179
Private Appointment (305) 932-7808
"HIGH DEGREE OF ACCURACY"

Buttons/Bumperstickers

"REAGAN'S SOCIAL DARWINISM-SURVIVAL OF THE RICHEST!" Bumperstickers, send $2.00 to: Virginia Street Graphics, #1-625 Virginia, Toledo, OH 43620.

Bumperstickers—"Don't blame me, I VOTED FOR BONZO." $1.50 or 4/$5. Bonzo, 1156 15th Street, NW-#302, Washington, DC 20005.

"Send Bonzo and Bimbo Back to the Ranch" and "I ♥ Hart" buttons, $1 each. Quantity prices available. Bill's Buttons, Box 122, Hershey, PA 17033.

"Conservation = 1 less WATT" bumperstickers! $2 for 1 or $3 for 2 to: D. Duncan, P.O. Box 9065, Glendale, CA 91206.

"Stop the Ayatollah Falwell" buttons/50¢ each, three for $1.00, prepaid, available from Quality of Life, 220 Miramonte Avenue, Palo Alto, CA 94306.

BUTTONS/BUMPERSTICKERS/CUSTOM PRINTED (union shop). Lowest Movement prices (since 1961!). Largest variety social awareness items in stock for immediate shipment. Free catalog. Larry Fox, Box M-4, Valley Stream, NY 11582. (516) 791-7929.

Clothing

PURE COMFORT.
PURE COTTON DRAWSTRING PANTS, TOPS & ETC'S.
DURABLE COMFORT AND AFFORDABLE PRICES
Free Catalogue and Swatches
DEVA A COTTAGE INDUSTRY
BOX NRX
BURKITTSVILLE,
MARYLAND 21718

Collectibles

OLD STATE, RAILROAD, COUNTY AND CIVIL WAR MAPS. 70-120 years old. All States. Stamp for catalog. Northern Map Co., Dept. NR, Dunnellon, FL 32630.

Colleges/Universities

MEDICAL SCHOOL in the Dominican Republic. Fully Accredited. Classes taught in English. For information and application: Admissions Office, CIFAS University, Suite V, 12820 Whittier Blvd., Whittier, CA 90602.

Non-traditional Doctoral Program. Southeastern University, 5163 DeGaulle Drive, New Orleans, LA 70114.

LEARN SPANISH quickly, fluently and correctly in Cuernavaca Language School. Details: Apdo. 254-D, Cuernavaca, Mexico.

Employment Opportunities

LIBERAL ARTS' M.A.'s/PH.D.'s: Switch to corporate careers (without MBA). Unique guide, The Academic-Business Transition. $3.95, or request details: Business Information Service, 10-B Haven Drive, Matawan, NJ 07747.

INTERNATIONAL EMPLOYMENT HOTLINE
Monthly issues reveal current opportunities for career and temporary overseas employment
DISCOVER WHAT'S WAITING FOR YOU IN THE WORLD—AND HOW TO GET IT NOW!

YES! Connect me to **HOTLINE** information on current international employment opportunities every month. Send me:
☐ (US) $26.00 One year subscription
☐ (US) $18.00 Six month subscription
☐ (US) $13.50 Three month trial subscription
Enclosed $_____ ☐ Check ☐ Money Order
Name _____
Address _____
City _____ State _____ Zip _____
Include (US) $5.00 for subscriptions outside U.S. and Canada send with payment to: International Employment Hotline, 4216 West 12th St., Suite AA, Little Rock, AR 72204.

Etc.

LEARN 10 LANGUAGES A YEAR while striding for exercise. 200 Language Club, Box 1727, Beverly Hills, CA 90213.

You'll be MAD about SMAD® seals. 100 happy faces $2.00. (+6% tax in Calif.) Send cash, check: Seals, 5621 Peabody, Long Beach, CA 90808. Money back if not mad about SMAD® SEALS.

BUILD your own Solar Still. Distill Ethanol, Water. Complete instruction, recipes. Send $10.95. Clark, Box 550, Santee, CA 92071.

TIPPER'S TABLE. Wallet-size card for figuring 15% tips. $1. Rithmetics, Box 720, Tillamook, OR 97141.

Gifts

CLASSICAL CALLIOPE
THE MUSES' MAGAZINE FOR YOUTH OF JR. - SR. HIGH SCHOOL AGE

Give your children a gift that will interest them in the culture and language of the Romans and the Greeks. Help them develop a sense of history.
Increase their appreciation of Latin, Greek, and English literature and improve their vocabulary.
Word origins, exercises and games. Illustrated myths and articles. Analysis of ancient ideas and customs.
Gift Card Sent Upon Request
1 year $12 — 12 issues
Send check or money order to:
CLASSICAL CALLIOPE
Dept. NR
P.O. Box 595, So. Dartmouth, MA 02748

The Great Escapes

PUERTO RICO. Villa Taina, Boqueron Bay. Fully equipped two bedroom apartment, pools, $600/monthly. Robinson, 465 Pebble Creek Drive, Cary, NC 27511. (919) 469-1825.

Ski Sugarbush, VT—Luxurious 5 bedroom townhouse. 2 bathrooms plus sauna. Near slopes. Fully furnished. Reasonable rates. 4219 Dandridge Terrace, Alexandria, VA 22309.

THE TAMWORTH INN—Come home to New Hampshire. Spend a traditional Thanksgiving or Christmas in Tamworth, an off-the-beaten-track New England village. $10 discount through December for New Republic readers. For reservations call (603) 323-7721.

Help Wanted

Washington-based Jewish Humanist group seeks philosophically compatible director, part-time. Membership queries, also invited. Beth Chai, P.O. Box 23468, Washington, DC 20024.

Instruction

SLEEP-LEARNING tapes, books! Strange catalog free. Autosuggestion, Box 24-NR, Olympia, WA 98507.

Literature

COMBINED FALL/WINTER 1981-82 University Press and Scholarly Imprint sale catalog. Savings up to 75% - 1,135 titles, 227 publishers, limited quantities, cutoff date, April 30, 1982. Write for catalog. THE SCHOLAR'S BOOKSHELF, A-5, 195 Nassau Street, Princeton, NJ 08540.

LET ME DIE BEFORE I WAKE by Derek Humphry. Guide to self-deliverance for the dying. Sold to Hemlock members. Stamped-addressed envelope for details: Hemlock, P.O. Box 66218, Los Angeles, CA 90066.

Literary Services

SCHOLARLY, LITERARY, TECHNICAL, O.P. TITLES are our specialty. Current Catalog—$2.00; Free searches. J. HOOD BOOKSELLER, 1401 Massachusetts, Lawrence, KS 66044.

STILL LOOKING FOR A BOOK? Free search service. Please write Peter Sperling Books, Box 300, Dept. R, Old Chelsea Station, New York, N.Y. 10113-0300.

COLLEGE STUDENTS!—Improve your grades!—Research catalog—306 pages—10,278 topics—Rush $1.00—Box 25918NR, Los Angeles, 90025. (213) 477-8226.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Music

BURTON HARPSICHORDS, SPINETS, AND CLAVICHORDS—Professional instruments in kit and completed forms. For brochure, write Burton Harpsichords, 4921 N. 57th, P.O. Box 80222N, Lincoln, Nebraska 68501.

JAZZ RECORD SERVICE. Send for FREE bimonthly LP sales list. Jaybee Jazz, Box 24504, Creve Coeur, MO 63141.

Personal

Lonely gentleman, late 50's, seeks correspondence with lonely lady. TNR 9940.

PRETTY, CAREER-MINDED BRUNETTE, 38, Jewish, likes to travel, movies, dining out. Wants to meet unmarried, attractive, established, caucasian, American-born man; New York city/Tri-State resident only. TNR 9950.

Schoolmarm on the Yukon seeks dashing, intelligent and warm husband. Am interested in writing, books, and children. TNR 9955.

BEYOND MONOGAMY, open relationships newsletter/networking facilitator. Features interviews, letters from readers. $9/yr., sample $1.00. Box 6877-NR, Denver, CO 80206.

FREE SINGLES LIST!!! Send stamp. Love, Box 1224 (NR), Venice, CA 90291.

GAY? Meet intelligent, interesting people. Quick-Confidential-Legitimate. Call now. Steve (212) 232-5500. Nationwide.

UNATTACHED? Meet sincere, literate singles—anywhere. Call DATELINE-free 800-451-3245.

Far East correspondents seek American correspondents. Cherry Blossoms, Hanokaa, HI 96727.

JEWISH SINGLES—meet friendly, intelligent, high-quality professional Jewish men & women. Monday-Thursday, 1 pm - 8 pm (212) 734-5566.

Black men seeking inter-racial relationships. Interested ladies welcome. Applications: Box 333, Queens, NY 11691.

SINGLE BOOKLOVERS get the cultured, single, widowed or divorced acquainted. Nationwide. Write Box AE, Swarthmore, Pennsylvania 19081 Established 1970 [or call (215) 566-2132].

NEW! EXCITING! Find other cultured singles through Fine Arts Network! Intelligent professionals nationwide—all ages, free information: Box 4741-RMA, Cleveland, OH 44126.

Photos

WOLF PHOTOS, slides, postcards. Free brochure, lists. J. Lidle, P.O. Box 112, Clifton Heights, PA 19018.

Property Sale/Rent

Tucson Arizona: Buy homes, land, etc. Free Information. Reputable Roy Long Realty. M. J. Barrett, 5671 N. Oracle Rd. 85704.

Oceanfront property for sale by owner near Digby, Nova Scotia. 30% downpayment Canadian funds. Balance 12% interest. Write: Chester, Box 537, Digby, N.S., Canada Boviao.

Publications

OFFSHOOTS OF ORGONOMY. A semi-annual, layman's magazine on using atmospheric life energy in horticulture, art, education, child-rearing, birthing, etc., based on Wihelm Reich's discoveries. $5.50/issue. $10/year. P.O. Box 1248NR, Gracie Station, New York, NY 10028.

The lively, controversial bimonthly HUMANIST is out after the rightists and electronic evangelists who think they have a divine mandate to take over. Bring freedom, social justice, economic democracy down to earth. Join the articulate thinkers as they help strengthen the cause of public schools, population restraints, affordable housing, individualism, energy frontiers. Your subscription, $15. THE HUMANIST, Dept. TNR, 7 Harwood Dr., Amherst, NY 14226.

Recipes

Eat healthier, save money. 20 tasty vegetarian recipes, $3. Angie's, 831 West Fir, San Diego, CA 92101.

We'll plan your weeks' meals. Shopping list, menu, recipes. Our most requested dinners. Attractive gift. $3.00: Ingredients, P.O. Box 1212, Montpelier, VT 05602.

Religion

101 Biblical Contradictions, $3.00 DISCOVERY, Box 20331-NR, West Valley, UT 84120.

Services

Personal Biorhythms charted for 3 months. Non-computerized. Complete explanation. Send birthdate. $3.50: TROIKA. Route 3, Box 132B, Denton, TX 76201.

Travel

CARIBBEAN SEA: Efficiencies, private beachfront coconut farm, great snorkeling. CARIBEPLAYA, Guardarraya, Puerto Rico 00723.

T-Shirts

NUCLEAR WEAPONS FREEZE T-SHIRT. Black, 100% cotton, S, M, L, XL. Send $7.95 to: J. L. Jordan Communications, P.O. Box 3214-NR, Eugene, OR 97403.

SOLIDARNOŚĆ T-Shirts. Show support for Polish union struggle. Red letters on White or Light Blue. S,M,L,XL. 100% cotton. $6.50 ea., plus $1.50 for shipping. Send check or money order to KEN-MARCO, 1550 California Street, Suite 6L-183B, San Francisco, CA 94109.

If you loved the old logo . . .

Here's your last chance to show it! *There are still a few* NEW REPUBLIC *t-shirts in selected colors and sizes.*

Adult small: yellow, red, light blue.

Adult medium: red and yellow.

Sorry! No adult large shirts.

Adult extra large: red, yellow, light blue.

Children's small, medium and large: yellow, light blue and navy.

Old logo TNR t-shirts, soon to be collector's items, are fully-fashioned in durable cotton and polyester. There is still time to order for Christmas!

Simply send us your selection with your check or money order for adult ($6.50 each plus $1.00 postage) or children's ($4.50 each plus $1.00 postage) TNR t-shirts to THE NEW REPUBLIC, Department T, 1220 19th Street NW, Washington DC 20036.

Sell It, Rent It, Trade It, Find It

When you place your ad in The New Republic classifieds, you place your ad in front of over 250,000 readers for $1.00 a word per issue or $30 per column inch for camera ready copy. If you would like TNR to prepare a display ad for you, call for free estimates. If you've never advertised in our classified section before, you re eligible for our "3 FOR 2" INTRODUCTORY OFFER! Pay for two insertions and we'll throw in the third one FREE. *(Further rate information on preceding page.)*

Send check/money order or MasterCard/Visa # along with ad copy. Phone orders accepted with MasterCard/Visa only. Send copy or call collect: Theresa Miller, The New Republic, 1220 19th St., NW, Washington, DC, 20036. (202) 331-7494.

I'LL DO IT! Enclosed is prepayment along with my ad copy. Please run my ad _____ times.

_____

_____

_____

_____

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

WASHINGTON DIARIST

Failure

THE FOURTH ANNUAL Seminar on Transition and Leadership for Newly Elected Mayors just finished up at Harvard's Kennedy School of Government with the taking of fraternal blood oaths and induction into the Trilateral Commission. That's just an educated guess, of course. I didn't go. A tantalizing press release describing the event arrived at TNR's offices last week, but it was a tease: seminar sessions were closed to the press. For the mayors in attendance, the seminar no doubt provided an excellent opportunity to size up peers and swap margins of victory like S.A.T. scores. ("Only 3,000? Well, I suppose they call that a lot in Arkansas. . . .") According to the press release, the idea is "to provide new mayors with fundamental tools for governing urban areas." But who wound up instructing the eager young pledges on how to serve the will of the people? Michael Dukakis, the recently deposed one-term governor of Massachusetts, for one. Now, Dukakis is a fine man. It was a sad day for Massachusetts when he was beaten for renomination by the oafish current governor, Ed King. But judging from his experience, Dukakis seems a poor choice to teach politics to, say, Caroline Ham, the newly elected mayor of Kalamazoo. After all, were he really expert in handling the "fundamental tools for governing," the most important of which is getting elected, Dukakis would be handling them now.

THIS SORT OF reasoning is generally considered sophomoric in academic circles, which helps to explain why America's universities are sprinkled with failed politicians. At Emory University, Hamilton Jordan just wound up his graduate seminar, "Dynamics of Political Decisions." At Stanford, John Anderson taught a course last spring titled "Congress in Transition." Even Gerald Ford, who has never been elected to anything outside Michigan's fifth congressional district, was once invited to lecture before Gaddis Smith's Yale course in American diplomatic history. This invitation was presumably extended on the basis of Ford's statesmanlike denial that the Soviets dominate Eastern Europe, a blunder in the second TV debate with Carter that helped cost him the election. Can a Fairleigh Dickinson seminar on the ethics of disclosure taught by New Jersey's own Richard Nixon be far behind? The logic of the university runs opposite to the logic of democracy. Democracy is forgetful of early triumphs and merciless about later failures; in the academic world, a man's early triumphs gain him tenure, after which his later failures are politely ignored. Each system has its element of caprice, yet each is more or less suited to the institution it serves. Mixing the two, however, is asking for trouble: a politician's recent failure has now become in and of itself a good reason for the academy to roll out the red carpet. Indeed, this is one of the main functions of the Kennedy School's Institute of Politics, which sponsored the mayor's conference (and which holds similar cramming sessions for newly elected members of Congress). Every semester the Institute invites the veterans of failed campaigns—staff people more often than actual candidates—to lick their political wounds in a congenial environment of brick and tweed. That's not the sort of niche likely to lead an Institute fellow to wonder where he went wrong, as he might do if he spent his sabbatical among the electorate that sent him into such sweet exile.

CERTAIN KINDS of failure stand out like peacock feathers against the white marble of Washington, while others are better camouflaged here than elsewhere. White-collar unemployment is more conspicuous here. There is no bohemian subculture for the unemployed young professional to hide in, as there is in funkier cities like New York and Boston. The professional class tends to confine its unproductive behavior to on-the-job goofing off, for which government work is rich in opportunities. Wasted effort, on the other hand, blends more easily into the Washington background. A good recent example was the pre-Thanksgiving fight between the White House and Congress over two to three billion dollars in appropriations. The government was shut down, which made the disagreement look serious. Then a stopgap compromise was reached, which made it look trivial. What made the difference? The realization on the part of both the President and members of Congress that they might have to miss Thanksgiving dinner. If Thanksgiving hadn't been imminent, Americans might never have had the opportunity to discover that this particular battle didn't really matter at all. Such disagreements develop in part because of the usual partisan rivalries, but also, these days, because of Ronald Reagan's tendency to regard politics as a battle of wills rather than a battle of ideas. Reagan's mindless resolve brings to mind George Orwell's remark in his essay, "Shooting An Elephant," that the tyrant destroys his own freedom. "He becomes a sort of hollow, posing dummy, the conventionalized figure of a sahib. For it is the condition of his rule that he shall spend his life in trying to impress the 'natives,' and so in every crisis he has got to do what the 'natives' expect of him." Reagan is no tyrant, but to the extent that he flexes his executive muscles purely for the sake of the office, he is the puppet of the media-watching public. His brand of leadership is stiff and uneasy rather than confident. Reagan doesn't seem to realize that they aren't quite "natives" out there, that in a democracy people enter into a more sympathetic and equal relationship with the "sahib."

THE CHEERFUL and uncomplicated man who appeared on ABC's "20/20" with Barbara Walters on Thanksgiving evening seemed much more comfortable on his ranch than he ever does in Washington. Walters always likes to get a fully rounded picture of her guests, so she tramps through not only their houses but also the houses of their children to collect random insights. It paid off this time. Walters asked Ron Reagan Jr. a fairly innocuous question: "What sort of father is Ronald Reagan?" The son of the President of the United States answered that his father was better as a friend than as a father because he was never "too comfortable in an authoritarian sort of position." Walters let the irony slip by. But somewhere in America, an attentive college dean sensed that he had found a crucial weakness, and dusted off a chair in political science.

T.N.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

How Amoco uses an evolving science to help search for new oil and natural gas.

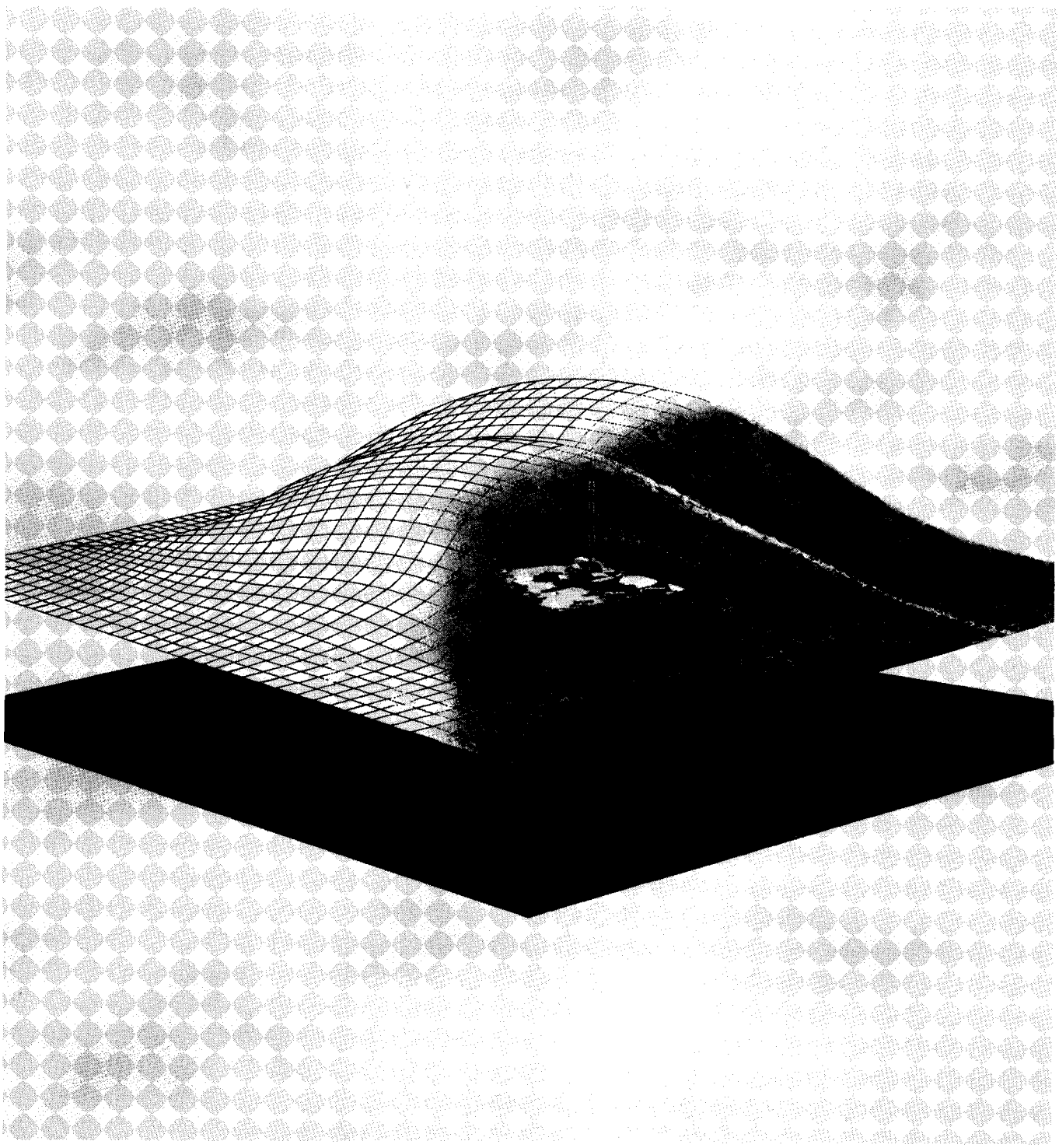
The earth science known as geochemistry is helping Amoco scientists determine the thermal maturity of organic matter in the earth's crust. Oil and natural gas can be present and discovered only in those regions where source beds have been properly matured with the correct ratios of heat and time.

Geochemists use a variety of techniques on rock samples, including pyrolysis and solvent extraction to determine where and when the source beds have expelled their oil.

These techniques and others have aided Amoco in understanding the potential of discoveries such as those in the Overthrust Belt in Utah and Wyoming. Amoco is working in this science and others to provide the energy to keep America growing in the year 2000 and beyond.

AMOCO

You expect more from a leader.



LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

My sock runneth over.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED